

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE,

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 284.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1822.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

HALIDON HILL; a Dramatic Sketch from Scottish History. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. 8vo. pp. 108. Edinburgh 1822. A. Constable & Co.

WE are glad that Sir Walter Scott has called this poem a *sketch*; for the slightness of the appellation takes away something of our disappointment at finding the work of no higher mark or excellence than such a title would imply, even had a less celebrated author adopted it.

It is worthy of inquiry why and how it happens that writers of the finest powers in other species of composition, are so often lost when they attempt dramatic forms. There is one point of view in which this may be accounted for, or rather in which the difference between dramatic and all other kinds of poetry may operate to produce this failure; and as we are not aware of its having been urged by criticism, we shall beg leave to offer one or two remarks upon it. The cause to which we allude is the necessary interruption of the thought in Dialogue, and the consequent obligation upon the poet to admit of other currents of ideas besides the main stream of his argument. Thus we often find the soliloquies admirable, while all the rest of a drama is feeble, insipid and unnatural. Even where the breaks are mere exclamations or interrogatories, they seem to have the effect of destroying the chain of continuity, and, by disturbing the writer's mind, robbing him of his best attributes. He who can develop a passion, or paint a scene, or enforce a moral in the most masterly manner in the third person, no sooner adopts the interlocutory style, than he becomes perplexed, stiff, weak and incoherent. As the most difficult thing for an actor to learn is the management of his limbs; so does it appear as if the greatest difficulty for the dramatist to overcome were the use of his speakers. Suppose he has the conception, the sentiment, and the denouement perfect, still his own machinery confounds him; and, without the superhuman genius of a Shakespeare vesting itself alike in Lear and Dogberry, Hamlet and Slender, his distractions increase with the number of his characters, and in trying to make each agree with himself, (in which he does not always succeed,) he almost invariably spoils the beauty and consistency of his subject. A peculiar talent is evidently requisite to enable a writer so to pour the streams of sense out of many urns, that when united they shall flow in one clear and delightful flood to their destined end; not like the Rhone, with tides of different colours refusing to assimilate, nor illy slugging like the Ouse among

weeds and rushes, (each particular stem making its minute whirl and eddy;) but rapid, forcible, and sweeping with every drop, as it were, intimately commingled in the same course, and tending to the same object.

It is mentioned in a prefix to Halidon Hill, that its scenes were commenced with the purpose of contributing to a miscellany projected by a friend, but swelled to the size of the publication now separately sent forth; and that they are designed "to illustrate military antiquities and the manners of chivalry." To this extent it must be allowed they are appropriate; but we expected much more from the author of *Marmion*. The chief incident is the reconciliation of their feud, joint attack on the English, and deaths of Swinton and Gordon at the battle of Homildon Hill; and the author has in his preface, we observe, quoted the same passage from Pinkerton's history of this affair which we inserted in the *Lit. Gaz.* of the 8th, No. 281. He has, however, substituted the similar fight of Halidon for Homildon, to avoid the introduction of the Hotspur,—an elegant compliment to an elder bard. Besides the heroes, the dramatis personæ consist of the Regent of Scotland, a Douglas, other Scottish chiefs and nobles, Adam de Vipont, a knight templar, Hob Hattely, a border moss-trooper, &c.; and on the English part, Edward III., Percy and other Lords. The piece opens with Vipont and the Prior of Maison-Dieu, the former seeking to join and the latter guiding him to some Baron's standard on the eve of the battle. We copy a part of their conversation, as prophetic of the catastrophe:

Prior.

Fain would I see you join some Baron's banner,
Before I say farewell. The honour'd sword
That fought so well in Syria, should not wave
Amid the ignoble crowd.

Vipont. Each spot is noble in a pitched field,
So that a man has room to fight and fall on't.
But I shall find out friends. 'Tis scarce twelve years
Since I left Scotland for the wars of Palestine,
And then the flower of all the Scottish nobles
Were known to me; and I, in my degree,
Not all unknown to them.

Prior.

Alas! there have been changes since that time;

The Royal Bruce, with Randolph, Douglas, Graham,
Then shook in field the banners which now moulder
Over their graves in the chancel.

Vipont.

And thence comes it,
That while I look'd on many a well-known crest
And blazon'd shield, as hitherward we came,
The faces of the Barons who display'd them
Were all unknown to me. Brave youths they
Yet, surely fitter to adorn the tilt-yard, [seem'd;
Than to be leaders of a war. Their followers,
Young like themselves, seem like themselves un-
Look at their battle-rank. [practised—

Prior.

I cannot gaze on it with undazzled eye,
So thick the rays dart back from shield and helmet,
And sword and battle-axe; and spear and pennon.
Sure 'tis a gallant show! The Bruce himself

Hath often conquer'd at the head of fewer
And worse appointed followers. [verend Father,
Vipont. Ay, but 'twas Bruce that led them. Re-
'Tis not the falchion's weight decides a combat;
It is the strong and skilful hand that wields it.

This example leads us to consider the versification adopted by Sir Walter Scott, which is constructed on a peculiar, and to our ear unpleasing, as well as novel model. Upon what laws of orthometry it is framed we know not. Of the thirty-three lines quoted only thirteen are in the common heroic measure; nearly as many (twelve, and far too great a proportion for harmony) have trochaic terminations, or what are called double endings; of iambicks of six feet, two lines are pure and one impure; two of twelve feet, two of eight, and one of four, are neither reducible to any standard of English verse with which we are acquainted, nor consistent with any combination of acknowledged rules. This scanning may perhaps be thought minute criticism; but the whole drama is of the same fashion, and unless we consent to abandon the music and melody of verse, we must protest against a pattern from so high an authority, in which these properties, as hitherto observed, are so systematically disregarded.

The conversation which has induced the foregoing remarks proceeds, and Vipont continues:

Ill fate, that we should lack the noble King,
And all his champions now! Time call'd them not,
For when I parted hence for Palestine,
The brows of most were free from grisled hair.

Prior.

Too true, alas! But well you know, in Scotland,
Few hairs are silver'd underneath the helmet;
'Tis cows like mine which hide them. 'Mongst
the laity,

War's the rash reaper, who thrusts in his sickle
Before the grain is white. In threescore years
And ten, which I have seen, I have outlived
Well nigh two generations of our nobles.

The race which holds yon summit is the third.

Vipont.

Thou may'st outlive them also.
Prior. Heaven forefend!
My prayer shall be, that Heaven will close my eyes,
Before they look upon the wrath to come.

Vipont.

Retire, retire, good Father!—Pray for Scotland—
Think not on me. Here comes an ancient friend,
Brother in arms, with whom to-day I'll join me.
Back to your choir, assemble all your brotherhood,
And weary Heaven with prayers for victory.

The ancient friend is Swinton, with a train, of only sixty followers, whose paucity is finely accounted for:

Vipont.

We'll back the Bear-heads bravely. I see round them
A chosen band of lances—some well known to me,
Where's the main body of thy followers?

Swinton.

Symon de Vipont, thou dost see them all
That Swinton's bugle-born can call to battle,

However loud it rings. There's not a boy
Left in my halls, whose arm has strength enough
To bear a sword—there's not a man behind,
However old, who moves without a staff.
Striplings and greybeards, every one is here,
And here all should be—Scotland needs them all;
And more and better men, were each a Hercules,
And yonder handful centupled. [and kinsmen,

Vipont. A thousand followers—such, with friends
Allies and vassals, thou wert wont to lead—
A thousand followers shrunk to sixty lances [Alan,
In twelve years' space!—And thy brave sons, Sir
Alas! I fear to ask. [home

Swinton. All slain, De Vipont. In my empty
A puny babe lips to a widow's mother, [weep?
"Where is my grandsire? wherefore do you
But for that prattler, Lyulph's house is heirless.
I'm an old oak, from which the foresters
Have hew'd four goodly boughs, and left beside me
Only a sapling, which the fawn may crush
As he springs over it.

Vipont. All slain—alas! [butes,
Swinton. Ay, all, De Vipont. And their attri-
John with the Long Spear—Archibald with the
Axe—

Richard the Ready—and my youngest darling,
My Fair-haired William—do but now survive
In measures which the gray-hair'd minstrels sing,
When they make maidens weep.

Vipont. These wars with England, they have
rooted out [win
The flowers of Christendom. Knights, who might
Had bored their cuirasses! Their lives had been
Fall in unholy warfare! [named it?
Swinton. Unholy warfare? ay, well hast thou
But not with England—would her cloth-yard shafts
Had bored their cuirasses! Their lives had been
Lost like their grandsires', in the bold defence
Of their dear country—but in private feud
With the proud Gordon, fell my Long-spear'd John,
He with the Axe, and he men call'd the Ready,
Ay, and my Fair-hair'd Will—the Gordon's wrath
Devour'd my gallant issue. [avenged?
Vipont. Since thou dost weep, their death is un-
Swinton. Temptar, what think'st thou me?—See
yonder rock,

From which the fountain gushes—is it less
Compact of adamant, though waters flow from it?
Firm hearts have moister eyes.—They are avenged;
I wept not till they were—till the proud Gordon
Had with his life-blood dyed my father's sword,
In querdon that he thinn'd my father's lineage,
And then I wept my sons; and, as the Gordon
Lay at my feet, there was a tear for him, [friends,
Which mingled with the rest.—We had been
Had shared the banquet and the chace together,
Fought side by side,—and our first cause of strife,
Woe to the pride of both, was but a light one.

Vipont.
You are at feud, then, with the mighty Gordon?
Swinton. At deadly feud.

The ensuing scene presents a council of
the Scottish nobles; and affords a spirited
sketch of their bickering and want of sub-
ordination. They hear of Edward's near ap-
proach in poetical language,* and unwisely
resolve to fight him on the ground he has him-
self chosen. From this fatal resolution the
veteran and experienced Swinton in vain en-
deavours to dissuade them: his hearing and

* *Lindesay.* You must determine quickly. Scarce
a mile

Parts our vanguard from Edward's. On the plain,
Bright gleams of armour flash through clouds of
dust. [weapons clash—

Like stars through frost-mist—steeds neigh, and
And arrows soon will whistle—the worst sound
That waits on English war.—

wisdom excite the admiration of the young
Gordon, to whom his person is unknown.

Vipont informs him who he is, and he rushes
forward with his drawn sword to avenge his
feud, but is withheld by patriotism, and by
the new-born feeling of respect for his
House's enemy, whom he addresses—

Swinton, there's that of wisdom on thy brow,
And valour in thine eye, and that of peril
In this most urgent hour, that bids me say,—
Bids me, thy mortal foe, say,—*Swinton,* speak,
For King and Country's sake! [I will;

Swinton. Nay, if that voice commands me, speak
It sounds as if the dead lays [laid] charge on me.

The presumptuous Regent rejects the ad-
vice of the ancient warrior, and determining
to keep the hill, only permits him to try a
diversion, by charging the English archers
with a body of horse. We quote the end of
the conference:

Regent. It is a dream—a vision!—If one troop
Rush down upon the archers, all will follow,
And order is destroy'd—we'll keep the battle-rank
Our fathers wont to do. No more on't.—Ho!
Where be those youths seek knighthood from our
sword? [Hay,
Herald. Here are the Gordon, Somerville, and
And Hepburn, with a score of gallants more.

Regent. Gordon, stand forth.
Gordon. I pray your Grace, forgive me.

Regent. How! seek you not for knighthood?
Gordon. I do thirst for't.
But, pardon me—'tis from another sword.

Regent.
It is your Sovereign's,—seek you for a worthier?
Gordon.

Who would drink purely, seeks the secret fountain,
How small soever—not the general stream,
Though it be deep and wide. My Lord, I seek
The boon of knighthood from the honour'd weapon
Of the best knight, and of the sagest leader,
That ever graced a ring of chivalry.

—Therefore, I beg the boon on bended knees,
Even from Sir Alan Swinton. [Kneels.

The ceremony is touchingly performed.

Swinton (affected, and drawing his sword.)
Alas! brave youth, 'tis I should kneel to you,
And, tendering thee the hilt of the fell sword
That made thee fatherless, bid thee use the point
After thine own discretion. For thy boon—
Trumpets be ready.—In the Holiest name,
And in Our Lady's and Saint Andrew's name,

[Touching his shoulder with the sword.
I dub thee Knight! Arise, Sir Adam Gordon!
Be faithful, brave, and O be fortunate,
Should this ill hour permit!

Gordon resolves to share the fortunes of
the attack with his father in chivalry; and
his misgivings are removed by a beautiful
metaphor.

Gordon. - - - - - Have I not forgiven?
And am I not still fatherless!

Swinton. Gordon, no;
For while we live, I am a father to thee,
Gordon.

Thou, Swinton?—no!—that cannot, cannot be.
Swinton.

Then change the phrase, and say, that while we live,
Gordon shall be my son.—If thou art fatherless,
Am I not childless too? Bethink thee, Gordon,
Our death-feud was not like the household fire,
Which the poor peasant hides among its embers,
To smoulder on, and wait a time for waking.
Ours was the conflagration of the forest,
Which, in its fury spares nor sprout nor stem,
Hoar oak, nor sapling—not to be extinguish'd,
Till Heaven, in mercy, sends down all her waters.

But, once subdued, it's flame is quench'd for ever;

And Spring shall hide the track of devastation,
With foliage and with flowers.—Give me thy hand.
Gordon.

My hand and heart!—and freely now—to fight!

The second and last act draws a picture of
the English leaders not very dissimilar to
that of the Scottish, and characteristic of the
age. The first flight of Southron arrows is
thus described:

King Edward. Ha, Saint George! Saint Edward!
See it descending now, the fatal hail-shower,
The storm of England's wrath—sure, swift, resist-
less, [hearts!

Which no mail-coat can brook.—Brave English
How close they shoot together!—as one eye
Had aim'd five thousand shafts—as if one hand
Had loosed five thousand bow-strings!

Percy. The thick volley
Darkens the air, and hides the sun from us.

King Edward.
It falls on those shall see the sun no more.

The winged, the resistless plague is with them.
How their vex'd host is reeling to and fro,
Like the chafed whale with fifty lances in him!
They do not see, and cannot shun the wound.
The storm is viewless, as death's sable wing,
Unerring as his scythe. [gether.

Percy. Horses and riders are going down to—
'Tis almost pity to see nobles fall,
And by a peasant's arrow.

At this time Swinton and Gordon attack,
and vanquish the English van: but their
countrymen instantly fly in overwhelming
force to rescue and avenge them; while
the Scottish Regent basely forbears to suc-
cure his knights. During the pause, Gor-
don's thoughts revert to his happy home, and
to Swinton he fondly eulogizes his fair wife,
Elizabeth.

Gordon. - - - And if music touch thee—
Swinton. It did, before disasters had untuned me.

Gordon. O, her notes
Shall hush each sad remembrance to oblivion,
Or melt them to such gentleness of feeling,
That grief shall have its sweetness. Who, but she,
Knows the wild harpings of our native land?

Whether they lull the shepherd on his hill,
Or wake the knight to battle; rouse to merriment,
Or sooth to sadness; she can touch each mood.
Princes and statesmen, chiefs renown'd in arms,
And grey-hair'd bards, contend which shall the first
And choicest homage render to the enchantress.

Swinton. You speak her talent bravely.
Gordon. Though you smile,

I do not speak it half. Her gift creative,
New measures adds to every air she wakes;
Varying and gracing it with liquid sweetness,
Like the wild modulation of the lark,
Now leaving, now returning to the strain!

To listen to her, is to seem to wander
In some enchanted labyrinth of romance,
Whence nothing but the lovely fairy's will,
Who wove the spell, can extricate the wanderer.

Methinks, I hear her now!—

Swinton. Bless'd privilege
Of youth! There's scarce three minutes to decide
'Twixt death and life, 'twixt triumph and defeat,
Yet all his thoughts are in his lady's bower,
List'ning her harping!—

Swinton tries a noble device to save Gor-
don, by dispatching him to the Regent to
demand aid; he refuses, however, to leave
the post of peril; and in the end, after
alarms, &c. "the back scene rises, and discovers
Swinton on the ground, Gordon supporting him;
both much wounded."

Swinton.
All are cut down—the reapers have cut'd o'er us—
And hie to distant harvest.—My toil's over;

There lies my sickle. [*dropping his sword.*] Hand
Shall never, never wield it! [*of mine again*
Gordon.

O valiant leader, is thy light extinguish'd!
That only beacon-flame which promised safety
In this day's deadly wrack!

Swinton. My lamp hath long been dim. But
thine, young Gordon,
Just kindled, to be quench'd so suddenly,
Ere Scotland saw its splendour! —
Gordon.

Five thousand horse hung idly on yon hill,
Saw us o'erpower'd, and no one stirr'd to aid us!

Swinton. It was the Regent's envy! — Out! — alas!
Why blame I him? — It was our civil discord,
Our selfish vanity, our jealous hatred,
Which framed this day of dole for our poor
country! —

Had thy brave father held you leading staff,
As well his rank and valour might have claim'd it,
We had not fall'n unaided. — How, O how
Is he to answer it, whose deed prevented!

Gordon.
Alas! alas! the author of the death-feud,
He has his reckoning too! for had your sons
And num'rous vassals lived, we had lack'd no aid.

Swinton.
May God assail the dead, and him who follows! —
We've drank the poison'd beverage which we
brew'd; [*wind!*]

Have sown the wind, and reap'd the tenfold whirl.
But thou, brave youth, whose nobleness of heart
Pour'd oil upon the wounds our hate inflicted;
Thou, who has done no wrong, need'st no forgive-
ness! —

Why should'st thou share our punishment!

Gordon. All need forgiveness! — [*distant alarm*]
— Hark! in yonder shout
Did the main battles' counter! — [*can't.*

Swinton. Look on the field, brave Gordon, if thou
And tell me how the day goes. — But I guess,
Too surely do I guess — [*Scottish host,*

Gordon. All's lost! all's lost! — Of the main
Some wildly fly, and some rush wildly forward;
And some there are who seem to turn their spears
Against their countrymen. [*treason.*

Swinton. Rashness, and cowardice, and secret
Combine to ruin us; and our hot valour,
Devoid of discipline, is madmen's strength,
More fatal unto friends than enemies! [*on't.*]
I'm glad that these dim eyes shall see no more
Let thy hand close them, Gordon! — I will think
My Fair-hair'd William renders me that office.

Gordon. [*Dies.*
And Swinton, I will think I do that duty
To my dead father.

De Vipont now endeavours to persuade
Gordon to save himself, but he replies:
Look there, and bid me fly! — The oak has fallen;
And the young ivy bush, which learn'd to climb
By its support, must needs partake its fall.

Edward and his victorious followers enter
and make them prisoners. Gordon sinks
down exhausted with his wounds, claims re-
spect for Swinton's corpse, and entreats that
his own body may
Sleep at his side, in token that our death
Ended the feud of Swinton and of Gordon.

His death concludes the drama; upon which
we have no further observations to offer.

Memoirs of the Life of Artemi, of Wagarschapat, near Mount Ararat, in Armenia; from the original Armenian. Written by himself. 8vo. pp. 374. London and Paris 1872. Treuttel and Würtz.

It is to be highly original and characteristic
are recommendations of any volume to the

world, the *Memoirs of Artemi* deserve a hearty reception. We know not when we met with so odd a history, nor one so out of the common way and so entertaining. European travellers in the country of which this Asiatic auto-biographer is a native, give us but the outside of things: he unfolds the inmost recesses of oriental life, and opens an extraordinary picture of the manners of the people and the state of society in Armenia. The entire novelty of this curious work would entitle it to much notice; but when we add that the quaintness and simplicity of the writer, the nature of his adventures, and the fund of anecdote with which he illustrates not only his personal affairs but the feelings and habits of his compatriots, render his book as amusing as it is singular, we are sure that nothing farther need be said to enforce its perusal. Till our readers can help themselves to that treat, we shall make free to exhibit the author in our pages.

Artemi (who is now we believe settled in Paris, and acts as an agent for his Armenian brethren in Russia) was born in 1774, but the year had not so much influence over his destiny as the precise day of his birth, which was "Saturday in Passion week," whence, says his mother, who relates the circumstance to him, — — —

"Our old men and women regarded the period of thy birth as strange and extraordinary. According to all observations and traditions, they were of opinion that I ought to take a piece of the shoulder-blade of an animal offered on the first day of Easter, and fasten it to the back of thy head till the seventh year of thine age, and then, as they predicted, thou couldst not fail to become a very wise and celebrated man. Though I was at this time twenty-two years old, yet I was weak enough to give credit to this flattering and confident prediction of the old folks: fearing at least, just in the way of simple children, lest I might perhaps mar thy prosperity by my neglect, I followed the superstitious direction which they gave with prophetic voice and in an authoritative tone. Such a shoulder-blade was taken, and fastened to thy head; but when about three years had elapsed, I formed a different judgment of the effect of this bone, which I removed and threw into the river."

The mother appears to have been a little mistaken; for if not a "very wise" man, we think our friend Artemi bids fair to be one of the most celebrated Armenians of his time. His father, a jeweller, died soon after his birth, and left his widow in the lowest circumstances, with a family, consisting of our hero and another son and daughter, to support by her manual labour, in the town of Wagarschapat, near the famous Mount Ararat. It was the ambition of the mother to have Artemi instructed in the rare accomplishments of reading and writing, in order, if possible, that he might win his way into the church; for though a deuce of a shrew, she was exceedingly fond of her youngest child, and much attached to the Christian faith. Her own story is very characteristic, and affords remarkable views of the social relations as they exist in these eastern parts; and almost every passage in the life of her son, presents similar primitive scenes for our admiration and wonder. Thus, for example, when she has finished her relation, to which she was led by the oppression of the chief men of the town, who were jealous of

Artemi's ambition of literary acquirements, the author proceeds —

"She covered me with ardent kisses, pressed me to her heart, and did not cease to exhort me to put my trust in God. I drank my tears, if I may so express myself, while she was speaking, and my brother and sister wept no less than I did. In this manner we passed the evening, till midnight overtook us. Next morning before it was quite light, my mother heard a knocking at the door, and recognised the voice of the tithing-man, who had been directed by the alderman to keep an eye on me. From this early visit she augured nothing good, and therefore did not admit him till she had softly let me out into the back-yard and hidden me under dry cow-dung, which we are accustomed to collect in our country as fuel for the winter. As he entered the room he enquired for me. "He is gone to his master," replied my mother. She had in fact not long before sent me secretly for instruction to another good man, because, while I was under my former teacher, people had been constantly lying in wait to seize me and drag me away to labour. The tithing-man knew nothing of this change, and therefore went to our neighbour's, but not meeting with me there, he returned to the alderman, and reported that I was no where to be found. No sooner was he gone from our house than my mother dispatched me to my new master. This excellent man had witnessed the treatment I had received the preceding evening, and felt great compassion for me: but knowing the old grudge borne me by our opulent people and elders, he hid me, on the slightest intimation that I was sought or waylaid, beneath cow-dung, or among hay in the stable. This time, however, he committed a great oversight in sending me home to dinner, under the idea that every one would then be at table with his family, so that I might go and return without danger. The event was very different. The alderman, enraged at the report of the tithing-man, commanded him, with a threat of punishment, to seek me immediately, and to bring me before him. His own danger compelled him to consider a little. He waited till dinner-time, and then came again to our house to look about him, and this time, unfortunately for us, he had calculated rightly. Though I had made all possible haste I had not finished my dinner when he abruptly entered the room, and espying me, he cried: — "Ha! have I caught thee; wait a moment, we will give thee instruction in our manner." He then upbraided us for the danger of punishment which he had himself incurred on my account; slapped my face, beat me with his stick, and told me that in future I might expect frequent chastisement from his hand. My poor mother, who had not the power to protect me, could do nothing but tell him with tears, that she wished to God his children might be treated in the same manner; that they might be left orphans without protection, and oppressed as cruelly as her unfortunate younger son, her Artemi. On hearing these words the tithing-man loosed his hold of me, turned to her, struck her repeatedly in the face, seized her by the hair, dragged her about, and asked how she durst use such insolent language to him; telling her, if she was determined to indulge her son and to make a scholar of him, she must do all the work he should set her; and ordering her to

take the *tagutshak*,* and to follow him with me to the alderman. My mother earnestly implored him to spare us, and to allow her a respite, at least for that day, since she could not, on any account, then leave her young children and her house, promising to finish what she had to do at home and go to work the following day: but neither her tears, nor the sobs of my brother and sister, had the least effect on this scum of humanity. He compelled my mother to follow him, and again seized her by the hair. Her patience forsook her; she lost her temper, and with her *tagutshak* gave the tithing-man such a blow on the head that the blood began to flow. He, who was naturally savage, now became quite furious; he beat her almost to death, and threw her senseless into the street: but not yet satisfied, instead of returning to the alderman, he proceeded straightway to Kalust, the supreme director of the village, and charged my mother with disobedience, inasmuch as she would neither go to work herself nor send her children, but merely thought of making scholars of us, as she had put one son to learn cotton-weaving, and the other reading and writing. Kalust was then in his *kali*, a kind of shed in which the people of our country clean wheat. At his command, six of his servants went and dragged my mother by the hair before him. No sooner did Kalust set eyes on her, than, crying out with brutal ferocity, he asked how she durst oppose the tithing-man and show disobedience to his orders, though he was the supreme director of the whole place; and who had exempted her from the performance of the same labour as the rest, and authorized her to think of nothing but making scholars of her children. My mother, quite dejected in spirit and languid in body, was still scarcely able to speak; she answered him, however, in the mildest manner: "Gracious Sir, (so she styled him, who had no more grace or mercy than a tiger,) I am a poor widow; I have nothing but what I earn by my labour; I have no succour, no protection, not even one to give me good advice. My children are young, they can yet earn nothing. If I were to go every day to work for you I should get but two *paras* a day, and in the present dearth that sum would not buy bread enough to satisfy our hunger. I am a lone woman, and there is none to bring them bread, or to look after them and the house in my absence. Have compassion on me and my children, grant me some indulgence till they have attained a proper age, and then our joint efforts shall compensate for what I alone am not now able to perform for you." This petition she concluded with a complaint against the tithing-man. Kalust eyed her with a truly infernal smile, and instead of being moved by her complaint to do her justice and to afford her his protection, which in such a case ferocious beasts themselves would not deny, if they understood the language of men, he loaded her with abuse, befitting neither his vocation nor the sex of my mother; and to punish her audacity in vindicating herself, he, in the most cold-blooded manner, ordered a very stout man to be called, and *kermasses* to be brought. The *kermass* is a pliant shrub, not thicker than one's finger, of which the tubes of pipes

are made: its twigs when steeped in oil become as flexible as a riding-whip and will not break. His commands were instantly obeyed. They brought a sturdy boor, who laying hold of my mother by the hands, hoisted her upon his shoulders, upon which others beat her till her voice failed, and all her clothes were soaked in blood. I had followed her, and of course witnessed this exercise of tyrannical cruelty. My readers may conceive what I suffered; for, far as the sun shines, can more atrocious cruelty be practised on human beings! Is it not worse than when savages, who, in their whole way of life, are more like brutes, devour their enemies?

"At length, glutted with her blood, they dragged my mother back by the hair to our house. Her life was in such danger from this usage, that the holy Sacrament was administered to her the same day. In this critical state she continued for a whole month, but it was three months before she could leave her bed. During this period, my brother, my sister, and myself, were driven out every day to work."

In spite of all opposition, however, our hero acquired a facility in repeating the Psalms, Services, &c. with which the Armenian ritual abounds, and by this means so far ingratiated with one Karapet, an Archimandrite, that he took him at the age of ten years into his service at the adjoining convent. The portrait of his first master is thus drawn:—

"Karapet was a native of the city of Arapker, in the Turkish dominions. In my then situation he certainly conferred on me the highest favour, but I consider myself bound to speak the truth of him, without, however, violating the respect and gratitude which I owe to his memory, and with which I still remember him. He was a very good man, at least in this respect better than many others. As far as I could observe he was not at all addicted to the vanities of this world. No passion disturbed the tranquillity of his soul, but he was exceedingly fond of good and savoury cheer. I too, for my part, knew no want, and lived well, but my education was totally neglected. I did nothing particular for Karapet, nor was I instructed in any thing, but to cook his victuals: sometimes I occupied myself in reading the Holy Scriptures, and as I had many leisure hours, I wrote a circumstantial narrative of my mother's history and adventures. The inhabitants of Arapker, Karapet's native town, use a great number of singular and many of them ludicrous expressions, and they are extremely partial to spices in their food. They cook scarcely a single dish without wild pepper. Karapet employed the same expressions, and had his victuals as highly seasoned as the rest of his townspeople. I was often surprised that such hot ingredients did not consume his intestines; for the mere tasting of them would burn the skin from my lips, and the very smell overpowered me. The other archimandrites and inmates of the convent often laughed at his language and his dishes, and I, as his servant, came in for a share of their jeers; but with this exception, I lived two years with him contented and happy. At the expiration of that time, Karapet was sent on the business of the convent to Baisit, in Kurdistan. He would not leave me with any one in the monastery; but, with the patriarch's permission, he placed me with Ga-

brief, the senior protopope of our town, who was to board me, to continue my education, and to take care of me, for which he promised, on his return, to pay him with due thanks. The protopope proved himself not the most worthy of his confidence. He was one of those whose hearts are hard and devoid of feeling. Instead of instructing me, he kept me mostly to work, as indeed other teachers did; and when he set me a task, if in repeating it by heart, I made one blunder, even were it but in a single word, he punished or rather tortured me, as well as his other scholars, without mercy. Besides a more severe beating than a good master would inflict on his cattle, he shut us up in his hen-house or stable for two days together, without giving us a morsel to eat. Thus I had to endure many severities from this priest for nearly two years, till the return of the archimandrite, my benefactor."

A war between Omar, Khan of the Lescians, and the Zar Heraklios, did not alter his lowly prospects; but a blunder which he made in an anthem one night had a very different effect:—But as these extracts will give some notion of the Memoirs of Artemi, whose course it is our purpose to follow, we shall reserve his story for succeeding Numbers.

Extracts of Notes taken in the course of a Tour on the Continent of Europe, in the years 1814 & 1815; principally relating to a Visit to the Isle of Elba, and a Conversation held with Napoleon Buonaparte during his residence there.—London & Truro.—pp. 58.

This little pamphlet is understood to be from the pen of Mr. Vivian, brother of the distinguished General Officer of that name. What he does relate may therefore be considered as entitled to credit—a qualification which it would not be easy to extend to many of the accounts of Buonaparte, his conversations and writings; which are, sooth to say, most of them mere forgeries and impositions. The author felt the interest of his subject so much, that he made ample notes at the moment; and, in his use of them for his present purpose, has judiciously preserved where he could the very expressions of Napoleon. He has thus produced a sample of that extraordinary person's mode of conveying his ideas, as characteristic as any which we have ever seen; and contributed a very entertaining picture of him, in a cheap and popular form, to gratify the curiosity of the British public.

The remarks on the Isle of Elba we shall pass without ceremony—they are not so full as those of Count Thiebaud's—and proceed at once to the more attractive portion of the Brochure, the details of an interview with Buonaparte, to which Mr. V. and a friend were introduced by Bertrand, on the 26th of January 1815.

The evening of the 26th being appointed for our audience with the Emperor, we attended ourselves in regimentals, and having taken coffee with Count Bertrand, at a little after eight o'clock, we proceeded from his apartments to the Imperial residence, amidst a flood of rain. From the entrance, which was situated in the left wing, we passed into an anti-chamber containing two windows,

* An iron instrument fastened to a handle five or six feet long, used for hoeing up the weeds that grow between the cotton-plants.—*Author.*

and the walls of which were hung with a number of good prints. Here we remained whilst the Count went to announce our arrival, and we were shortly after ushered into the presence of Napoleon, without any form or ceremony whatever. We found this extraordinary man standing by the fire, at the further end of a room adjoining the antichamber, and into which he had come, on being informed of our arrival. This room was about the size of that we had left, and was fitted up with old yellow furniture, brought, as we understood, from the palace of his sister, at Piombino. On our entrance he advanced towards us, and we took our station with our backs against a table that stood between the windows. Whilst he was advancing he began the conversation:—

[The French is also given; but we prefer the translation.]

"What uniform do you wear?"—"That of the (Local) Militia."

"Of what county?"—"Cornwall."

"That is a very mountainous country?"—"Yes."

"Of what height are the mountains; are they as high as those of this island?"—"They are higher, but they are of a different character;—less insulated."

"Are they as high as those of the Principality of Wales?"—"Not quite."

"How many toises are they—six or eight hundred?"—"No, not so many,—perhaps from three to four hundred."

"What is the capital of Cornwall?"—"Truro is a principal town."

"What! Truro, near to Falmouth?"

"How long have you been assembled every year?"—"A month in each year."

"Who paid you—the Government?"—"Yes, the Government paid us, but the Prince Regent clothed us."

"What rank have you; that of Colonel?"—"No, Major."

"Ah!—Major."—"We are the (Local) Militia of the Miners of Cornwall."

"Ah!—there are mines of tin there?"—"Yes, and of copper also."

"Does the Prince Regent receive any dues from the mines?"—"Yes, from the tin, but not from the copper."

"How much a-year does he receive from these dues?"—"Between nine and ten thousand pounds sterling."

Then turning to my friend M. W. he said: "And you?"—"I also belong to the Militia."

"Of what county?"—"Kent."

"Ah, we were neighbours."

He then addressed himself to me, and asked respecting the route I had taken, and when I had left England?—I replied that I had left England nearly twelve months before; that I had passed by Paris and Bourdeaux, to Thoulouse, in order to visit a brother, a General Officer, who had been severely wounded there. He made no remark upon this, but observed:

"Then you passed by the Garonne and Montauban; a very pretty little town, with excellent wine.—You drink a good deal in England."—(Vous buvez beaucoup en Angleterre.)

He had before, I understood, made the same observation to some other English travellers, who had been introduced to him.

—I told him, that formerly much more had been drunk in England, than was drunk at present; and that the custom of sitting very long after dinner had, in a great measure, been done away; but that as we still sat

after the ladies had left the table, we had more time and greater inducement to drink, than other nations."

"Where did you cross the Rhone, at Lyons?"—"No, at Avignon."

"Ah! you passed then the Pont de Gard.—Is the bridge at Avignon finished?"—"No, over one branch of the river only."

"Ah! but you passed over the Durance, where I had made a long wooden bridge.—You visited Nice?"—"Yes."

"Did you go to Genoa?"—"No, I wished to do so, but the wind was not favourable."

"The road I was making is not yet finished, is it?"—"No,—we crossed the Maritime Alps, to Turin."

"Ah! by the Col du Tende?"—"Yes,—a very bad passage, and very badly kept."

"That is not of my making; it was made by the King of Sardinia.—I passed it twenty-five years ago; but it is only over the Col du Tende that it is so bad.—I did a little to the excavation, and had some idea of making a good road over it, but I did not care much about it.—I was desirous of reigning also over Italy.—(Comme je voulais dominer aussi sur l'Italie.)—My principal object was to connect that country with France, as much as possible, by means of good roads on the side of Mont Cenis and the Simplon."

I told him that I had passed the Simplon, and complimented him on the greatness of the undertaking, and the excellence of the execution;—upon which he observed, that there was a grand road he had been making from Wesel to Hamburg, not yet finished; which had cost a considerable sum of money.—I remarked that we travellers at every step recognised his works.—With this observation he appeared to be pleased.—He then asked, if the road over the Simplon was kept in good repair.—I told him, that as yet, it was in good order; but that it was feared it would be neglected; that the Vallais and neighbouring countries could not support the expence of maintaining it. He said—

"That must be done by a toll, which would answer very well."

He asked if I had passed by Milan—"a fine city"—and then enquired particularly if the bridges he had laid out between Turin and Milan were finished.—I told him that the bridge over the Tessino was not completed, but that the pillars were all above water.

"Those over the Sesia, at Vercelli, and over the Dora, are they finished?"—"Yes."

From the subject of roads he touched on that of canals—and asked if the canal from Pavia to Milan was finished.—I replied that I believed not; and I asked him if he had not a project of uniting the Rhine and the Danube.—He replied that it was very easy to do so; that it was an affair only of twenty millions of francs; that he had united the Rhine and the Rhone; the German ocean and the Mediterranean.—On his asking from whence I last came, and my answering from Vienna, he exclaimed—

"A poor little city (une pauvre petite ville) with large suburbs, unpaved; — — — and the ramparts?"—(et les ramparts?)

I told him they were precisely in the situation in which he had left them.—He said—

* He had been making a road by the coast, from Nice to Genoa.

"Yes, Bertrand performed that kind office for them very effectually."

I observed, that at Frankfort and at Mannheim, where he had demolished the fortifications, they were laid out with taste."—"Yes," said he, "in fine promenades," (Oui, des belles promenades.)

His next subject was politics;—he asked me how Congress went on.—I told him that there were plenty of fêtes, but that little progress was said to be made in business; and I mentioned to him the bon mot of the Prince de Ligne, who said—"Le Congrès dance mais ne marche pas"—at which he smiled. I added, that Poland was understood to be a stumbling-block; that it was said the Emperor of Russia wanted to form a kingdom of it, but that the other powers, it was supposed, feared Russia's becoming too formidable. He remarked that it was a power that went on increasing; a very rising power. He then said that the treaty of peace between himself and the Allies should have been signed at Frankfort; separating Germany entirely from France, and taking Holland, Italy, and Spain from him; but that he never could have consented to leave France less in territory, than it was when he ascended the throne.—I asked him why he did not make peace at Dresden, when those terms were offered to him; he said that the Allies were not sincere, and that besides *les choses* at that time were different; that had peace been then made, England would have saved some thousands of men and much money; that he considered it very bad policy of England to appropriate Belgium to herself; that it would be a constant source of expence, and would probably draw her into a war; for that any other Continental power would be sure of France as an Ally, by offering Belgium as a bribe. "Supposing," said he, "for instance, Russia were to say to France, 'do you take Belgium, and let me have Poland'—In short," added he, "England cannot maintain herself as a power of the first rank on the Continent;—Belgium must be lost on the first *coup de canon*. The English Government should have covered and fortified Holland, but Antwerp is the object; for a battle fought and lost before Brussels, which is close to the gates of Paris, would open the road to Holland. England, with her immense colonies, instead of being obliged to keep up a large army to cover Belgium, should withdraw within her Island, and act, when and where she chose." He spoke of the Dutch troops, and appeared to have but a poor opinion of them; their marine, he said, was much reduced.—He expressed himself with much contempt of the Austrian soldiers, who, "would not fight without a bellyfull."—Referring to the campaign in France, he said that he should have beaten the Allies, had he not been betrayed; for that the peasants were taking arms in their rear. I asked him by whom he had been betrayed; whether by Talleyrand, whom I had heard accused.—He answered so as to give me to understand he had been a party; but he principally blamed Marmont and Angereau.—The latter, he told me, had a fine army, superior to the Austrians, and was to have joined him (Bonaparte) in his last movement; but that he had made his terms with the Allies a fortnight before, and that he had narrowly escaped being massacred by his soldiers for his conduct.—I observed to him, that when I had passed through Paris, I had heard

there was an opinion amongst the lower orders, that he and Paris had been sold—"Que l'Empereur et Paris étoient vendus."

Blücher, he said, was a brave man, but not a great General; and added, that he had lost two armies. The Prussians had fought well.—Of Schwartzberg, as an Officer, he expressed himself favourably.—Upon my asking him if he did not consider the Duke of Wellington a good General; he replied, "Oui."—I was not satisfied with this, but repeated the question in stronger terms; asking if he was not a very good, an excellent General. He answered, "Oui, oui!" with emphasis, but not another word.—Touching on the Cornma campaign, he said, Moore was a good General, and had saved that army. The Spaniards, as soldiers, he held very cheap. In the mountains they had done something; their character was obstinacy (*opiniâtreté*)—they wanted valour. I mentioned the gallant defence they had made at Saragossa. This, he said, was *opiniâtreté*—they were 50,000 men within the walls, attacked by 15,000. I observed that, at least, the Portuguese had proved themselves very good troops. This he admitted. "But then," added he, "they were officered by British, and of this the national pride (*Fierté*) of the Spaniards would not admit;—besides, the Spaniards are bigots in religion, and you know that you are heretics" (*vous savez que vous êtes des hérétiques*), said he, laughing. The French soldiers, he asserted, were *peu constants*; that they wanted *tenacité*; that if they had a little more *tenacité*, any thing might be done with them;—that Cæsar had well defined their character in that respect, and that it had not changed; that he (Bonaparte) knew it well, and had acted upon it in the campaign in France; that the soldiers could not bear such a check (*secousse*).—He enquired if the English soldiers, when drunk, were not ungovernable; observing that the French, at such times, were loving (*doux et tendres*).

Speaking of Switzerland, he said there appeared much to be settled in that country; that he had given them a constitution which it should seem they wished to change. I remarked, that the Canton of Berne wanted to recover what had been separated from it.—"Yes," replied he, "the large to dominate over the small; there is no yoke (*joug*) so severe as that of a people."—The fate of Italy he lamented much, divided as it was into small States.—Italy, he said, should have been preserved as a Kingdom. I agreed with him entirely in regretting the fate of Italy, but asked, who was to be King, and who was to nominate. "Oh! it matters little," said he, "who it is—some Italian—or by whom appointed;" and he instanced Murat. "A Sovereign," added he, "is made for his people, and not a people for their Sovereign."—The Italians, he observed, were a people of strong passions, (*passionés*); and had a great deal of excellent stuff (*étouffe*) in them as soldiers,—much of the old Roman left.—He spoke of the bad policy of the Austrian Cabinet towards Italy, and that of the Austrian Officers towards the inhabitants, in not associating with them, as the French had done.—He added, that he had done much to reform the Italian people; that he had found them effeminate, and living for the women and with them all day long;—that it was a fine country. Upon this I remarked, that by transporting to Paris the best of the paintings, &c. he had taken con-

siderably from the interest of Italy. To this he made no reply, but spoke of Bologna as a *bonne et jolie ville*.—In speaking, I think, of Turin, he mentioned a fine street called *via Napoleon*; he knew not what they called it now.

To the Pope, as the head of the Church and as a Sovereign, he seemed to have a great aversion; he said that he was always sacrificing his conscience to some miserable little piece of policy; that the existence of a Pope was a great misfortune for Europe (*un grand malheur pour l'Europe*); that we were very much indebted to our King Henry VIII. for getting rid of him; that he had attempted to do the same, but could not succeed; that the Government of Priests was detestable, and that every Sovereign should be at the head of his own Church, as in England, Prussia, &c.; that, as a man, the Pope was a very good sort of person (*un bien bon homme*); that he had entertained him very well at Fontainebleau, and made him very comfortable there; that he (the Pope) was ignorant in the extreme; and that amongst all his Cardinals (for he had seen them all at Paris,) there was not one he would allow to fill a fourth rank in his (Bonaparte's) Council. Ecclesiastical States, he added, should on no account be allowed;—the Empire of the Church was not of this world.

Speaking of the Americans, he said they wanted a ten years' war to make them a nation; that at present they had no noblesse, which they would acquire by a war; that they were now a nation of merchants (*une nation de marchands*), as was shewn in the case of the sale of Jefferson's library to the highest bidder; that had we (the English) made peace with them before, we should have gone to Congress with more weight; that America had carried on the war with spirit after France had fallen (*après que la France eut succombé*), and that the war, after all, was about nothing—a few feet more or less of Lake. He then said something of a great project he had with respect to Mexico, of which I could not catch the meaning; and observed, that we should one day or other lose Canada; adding—"Of what great consequence is it to England, with her numerous colonies." He said, that when America became more powerful, she would probably rival us in our Marine;—that he had made the attempt to do this, but had failed.—With respect to the Right of Search, which I called a *droit*, he said it was no *droit*, but a mere *théorie*; that when we were very strong we should exercise it, but if, on the contrary, we had Russia, Sweden, and Denmark against us, we probably should not insist on it.—He gave it as his opinion, that England and France should be allied. On my signifying, by a shake of my head, the improbability of such an event, he said, "Why not?—the world is large enough—France does not want to meddle too much with commerce. There was a man, Fox, who could have effected it, but unfortunately he is dead."—He then asked where we were going from Elba, and on my answering, "To Rome and Naples," he replied, "Ah! then you will see there a magnificent Lazarone;" adding, "From Naples, I suppose, you return to England by sea." Upon my saying that it was my intention to return by Italy and the Mont Cenis, as I had seen all the other Passes of the Alps, having come from Vienna by the Tyrol, he observed,

"No, there is still that over the Julian Alps."—On saying this, he made us a low bow, wished us a *très bon voyage*, and retired.

This is the whole of the conversation. The interview lasted about an hour and a half, and the author adds—

We stood during the whole time, I may say almost nose to nose; for I had my back against the table, and he had advanced close to me, looking full in my face.—After the first few minutes, I felt most perfectly at my ease, and the conversation never flagged;—his strain and manner were as familiar and good-natured as possible; so very much so, that I felt no hesitation whatever in putting any question to him.—He had on a green coat, cut off in front, faced with the same colour, and trimmed with red at the skirts; and wore the stars of two orders.—Under his left arm he held his hat, and in his hand a plain snuff-box, from which he every now and then took a pinch; but as he occasionally sneezed, it appeared to me that he was not addicted to snuff-taking. His hair was without powder, and quite straight;—his shape, inclined to corpulence.

Some other matters of interest are discussed in these Extracts, but we have confined ourselves to the main point; and having made so free with that, must leave the rest as a recommendation of the work to the public.

Compendium of the Theory and Practice of Drawing and Painting, &c. By R. Dagle, author of "Select Gems from the Antique." London, G. & W. B. Whitakers, 4to. pp. 96. 2d Edition, with additional Plates.

It is hardly necessary to apologize for bringing forward so immediately a second publication of a similar kind to one reviewed in our last, as works on art do not often obtrude themselves upon our notice.

In the present instance we have only to point out some additional matter and plates to a work of which we gave a favourable and ample notice in our Gazette four years ago.

The additional plates in the *Compendium* are twelve in number, and carry on the theory of lines in every variety of form, either direct or varied, from the simple, clear, and distinct, to the broken and picturesque; but owing to the mistake of the binder, these plates do not follow in the order intended, yet their obvious tendency cannot be mistaken, when applied as examples for the young practitioner.

The additional matter consists of "Remarks on the Styles of Landscape Painting, as practised by the most eminent Masters in the Flemish and Italian Schools." The author observes, that "In landscape painting there are two styles which are eminently distinguished, and they will be found in the Italian and Flemish schools. In the latter, there is an imitation of nature in the detail; in the former, is seen a more general character, with a view to a more exalted style of art. Between these are many connecting links and similarities."—"Dividing the two most celebrated styles of painting between the Italian and the Flemish schools, they will be found to present, from the nature of their subjects, the epic and the pastoral in art."

These general observations are followed

by detailed remarks on the characteristic qualities of each master. We shall select an example, as a specimen of the manner in which the two great styles are treated.

Cuyp.—“In the landscapes of Cuyp, the utmost simplicity prevails: stillness and warmth are the characteristics of his style. His pictures are seldom without figures and cattle in the foreground. He is at great pains to finish and make out the broad-leaved dock, sedges, or brambles, in the nearer parts of his pictures.

A storm, or a turbulent scene, would be indeed a novelty in this master's works; his water is always calm, and his skies are always serene. In his distances there is little of contrast to the rest of his picture, in point of colour. His aerial perspective is effected by an almost imperceptible gradation of tone from the general hue of his picture, with none of those pearly tints that are seen in the remote parts of landscape: these tints appear to be reserved for the clouds which seem to float on the warm and tender light of his skies.”

From the Italian school we select SALVATOR ROSA.

“The landscapes of Salvator Rosa are in a style peculiarly his own, and can seldom be mistaken by any who are acquainted with his works. It would be a sort of phenomenon to see a regular building or local view in the pictures of this master. All is rock, mountain, and rugged nature; his trees are tempest-stricken or in decay, and his figures are for the most part of a desolating kind, pirates or banditti. His compositions are at once sublime and romantic in the highest degree; a bold and vigorous touch is the characteristic of his pencil; his colouring grave and subdued, yet full of harmony. The foliage of his trees has more of manner than imitation, and remarkable for length of leaf.

“Some resemblance to Salvator may be seen in the works of Rosa di Tivoli.”

It is equally for the advantage of the well educated, and beneficial to the arts, that an acquaintance with the principles of painting should be attained. It is with this view principally that the Compendium seems to have been written, and its reception with the public, and the approbation it has met with from those of his own profession, we trust will insure the object of the author, that of disseminating a knowledge of, and taste for, the Fine Arts.

SIR R. K. PORTER'S TRAVELS IN GEORGIA, PERSIA, BABYLONIA, ETC.

THE Birs Nimrod, which Mr. Rich has almost demonstrated to be the Tower of Babel, was the next great object visited by our intelligent countryman; but as we entered upon that subject at some length in our Reviews of Mr. Rich's Memoirs,* we

* We have some consolation in adding to this Review a very interesting extract of a Letter from Mr. Rich, communicated by Baron Silvestre de Sacy, and dated Mossul, December 5th, 1820.—It is nearly that esteemed gentleman's last communication with Europe, and contains much to give it value in the eyes of all men of literature.

After mentioning a residence at Bistan, the principal town of Kizzele, from July to August, Mr. Rich says, “I sent back the escort and the heavy baggage to Solimania, and re-commenced my operations by an excursion to Sina, the chief town of Persian Kurdistan; the position of which

shall only quote here a short passage descriptive of the Plain of Shinar.

My eyes (says the author) ranged on all sides, while crossing this vast barren tract, which, assuredly, had of old been covered, if

I desired to determine astronomically. Leaving Bistan, I traversed the plains of Meriwan or Mehr-riwan; I passed by the Lake of Zribar, the existence of which was hitherto unknown to geographers; I crossed Mount Zagros at the defile of Garra, which is the main road from Kurdistan to Hamadan, and is probably the same defile by which Darius retreated after the battle of Arbela. On the 25th of August I arrived at Sina, the real name of which is Sinendaji. I staid there till the 30th of the month, to accomplish the object which had brought me thither, and made many observations of the latitude and longitude. The Wall, or feudal Lord of Persian Kurdistan, was absent on an excursion in the Northern provinces. I profited by the urgent invitation which he gave me to pay him a visit, to see a country with which we are wholly unacquainted, and to complete the inspection of this interesting frontier. I left Sina therefore on the 30th of August, and arrived at Bana, where I met with the Wall Aman-Allah-Khan, repassing on the 6th of September the Zagros by the defile of Kellé-ballu, till then unknown. Bana is on the frontier of Turkish Kurdistan. I returned to Solimania through the districts of Aalan, Siwel, [perhaps the same place that Niebuhr calls Simel, Travels, tom. 2. p. 270.] and Scharibazir, (this is the Kurdish pronunciation of Schehrbazar.)

In crossing the plains of Meriwan, I stopped at the principal encampment of the Djofs, the most powerful and the most savage tribe of this country. I was received with the most attentive hospitality by their chief Cal-Khosrou-Bey; while his women, on their part, spared no pains to make the residence in their tents agreeable to Mrs. Rich, the first European female who had ventured into so extraordinary a situation. I must observe here, that the Kurdish tribes seem to affect to bear ancient Persian names, such as Parwiz, Khosrou, Roustam, &c. Interesting as my journey was in a geographical point of view, it was proportionably sterile in what relates to Antiquities. I hardly procured a few traces of ancient ages worthy of notice. I determined almost all the positions astronomically, and sketched on the spot the plan of this country.

On the 21st of October I left Solimania and took the road to Mossul, passing by the defile of Derbent, the district of Schouan, Altoun-Kiopri, and Erbil or Arbela: Altoun-Kiopri, is still called by the Arabs, as in the time of Tamerlane, Alkantara, vulgarly Algantara. I staid two days at Erbil, the castle of which is situated on an artificial mountain higher and broader than the Mondjélibeh of Babylon. This eminence is to all appearance the tumulus in which were the burying places of the Arsacide, and which Caracalla visited. From Erbil I took the road followed by Alexander and Darius, passing the Zab and the Chazir, or Bumadus, and arrived on the 31st at Mossul: the Zabatus or Lycus is known to the Arabs by the name of the Zab, but the Kurds and the Turks call it Zerb, so that Pliny, who calls it Zerbis, deserves no blame. In the latter part of this journey I had constantly in my hands the retreat of the 10,000, and Arrian, and I hope that I have irrevocably determined several remarkable positions in the marches of Xenophon and Alexander.

On my arrival here, I immediately commenced a minute survey of the topography of Nineveh. I employed, for this purpose, eight days' persevering labour on the ground, and as many in my room. Since then we have had a constant succession of bad weather, which has kept me within doors. I have employed this time in calculating my observations, and collecting information of a different nature. There is every appearance that we may now expect better weather, and I hope within a few days to under-

not by closely compacted streets, at least with the parks and gardens attached to distinct mansions, or divisions of this once imperial city; but all was withered and gone, and, comparatively, level to the very horizon, till the object of my expedition presented itself, standing alone in the solitary waste like the awful figure of Prophecy herself, pointing to the fulfilment of her word.

The drawings, descriptions, inscriptions, &c. with which Sir Robert accompanies his investigations of these mighty ruins, afford a most interesting idea of ancient Babylon; whence, after some stay, he returned to Bagdad. From Bagdad, on the 2d of December, he took the route to Courdistan; through which country he regained Tab-

take an excursion into the territory of this city, and completely to recognise the march of Alexander from the Tigris, and the field of battle of Gangamela.

All this is but a rough sketch of my operations: but I am not at this moment in a temper of mind to make a better: An event has just occurred which has deeply affected us all; I mean the loss we have just suffered, of poor Bellino, who died a few days after his arrival here. When we were at Sina, I permitted him to leave us to visit the antiquities of Hamadan, and copy the cuneiform inscriptions there, which had long been his favourite project. He left us in perfect health: but very soon after his arrival at Hamadan, and before he had time to complete his enterprise, he was attacked by the fever. He rejoined us at Solimania, where he soon found his health improved by the care of Mr. Bell, who is attached to this legation as physician. He bore without difficulty the journey thither; but immediately after our arrival he began visibly to decline, and he terminated his mortal career on the 12th of November. All my other invalids have soon recovered, thanks to the air of Mossul, which is held to be excellent. Poor Bellino gave himself over the moment he felt the attack, though he would not own it when we endeavoured to give him courage: he gradually sunk under a depression, to which he yielded himself up. The fever and all the bad symptoms had left him long before he arrived here. He had made himself exceedingly beloved by every one of us. His death is a great loss to literature; his knowledge of philology and antiquities was surprising; and his perseverance in the researches which were the favourite objects of his studies was indefatigable. I cannot express to you how profoundly I am affected by his loss, which it will not be easy to repair. I am, &c.

Bagdad, March 26, 1821.—The departure of this letter having been delayed till to-day, I can inform you of the sequel of my operations till my return to Bagdad, where they are terminated for the present. Before I left Mossul I completed the plans of which I have spoken in my letter. I travelled through all parts of the territory, and examined with as much precision as I possibly could the whole country, up to the mountains of Amadia: I have besides collected much important information respecting places which I could not visit myself; and where I could not positively take the topographical measurements, I have at least procured an account of the routes which cross each other from Genireh to Erscrum, and from Diarbekir to Tauris. I left Mossul on the 3d of October; and descended the Tigris on rafts, examining the whole course of the river, and determining astronomically the principal points; such as the mouths of the rivers Zab, Tekris, Sumere, &c. I have also made some discoveries of interesting antiquities; for instance, the city of Larissa of Xenophon, which must not be confounded with Nineveh. I arrived on the 12th of this month at Bagdad, which is, at least for the present, the end of my excursions.

reer, without meeting any remarkable adventure, or making any striking discovery. Abbas Mirza was about seventy miles from his capital, and seems to be consolidating his strength so as to bid fair for the throne for which his father has destined him. The following list is given of the governments assigned by the Shah to his sons:—

Mahmoud Ali Mirza, Kermanshah; Abbas Mirza, Azerbaijan; Abdoolah Mirza, Zenjan; Houssein Ali Mirza, Shiraz; Ali Nackee Mirza, Casvin; Hassan Ali Mirza, Ghilan; Mahmoud Kouli Mirza, Khorasan; Mahmoud Tuckeh Mirza, Boorjird; Ali Shah Mirza, Teheran; Sheik Ali Mirza, Chumeen. Besides these sons, deemed of sufficient age to sustain such high civil authorities, his majesty has many younger, numbering in all thirty-nine. His daughters amount to one hundred and forty.

The author takes a brief view of the relations between Russia and Persia; and also of the commerce near the Caspian. At the period alluded to, Mirza Sheffy died, and the account of his end is so peculiar to Persia that we quote it in Sir Robert's own words:

Mirza Sheffy, the venerable Saddar, whom I had left at Teheran in such rosy health, both in cheek and beard, (the latter being always dyed a bright red,) fell ill at Casvin during the progress of his majesty; and remaining awhile for temporary rest, soon found his lasting one; having there the rare lot for a prime-minister in Asia, of closing his eyes in peace after a life of eighty years; the greatest part of which was passed in business, in trouble, in honours, and in danger. He had the good fortune to weather the storm under the turbulent reign of Aga Mahmoud Khan; and after that monarch died, his last twenty years declined so imperceptibly under the mild sceptre of Futteh Ali Shah, that the venerable minister's green old age felt no touch of a searing leaf till he thus dropped into the grave.

I cannot refrain giving a little anecdote related of this extraordinary old man, who so wonderfully maintained his life and his place in the service of a tyrant, the memory of whose acts, even at this moment, makes his former subjects tremble. Amongst the varieties of cruel punishments with which he chastised those unhappy wretches who offended him; cutting out their tongues, their ears, and digging out their eyes, were his most lenient sentences. One morning, some of the royal goolams having just returned from a domiciliary visit of this kind to an unfortunate village under the ban of the king, and its doom having been to lose a certain number of eyes extracted from the heads of its inhabitants, the people in attendance produced the fatal bag, and the sightless organs of vision were poured out before his majesty. Scrupulous in the execution of his orders, the Shah instantly began with the point of his canjar deliberately separating them one by one, to ascertain if his sentence had been punctually obeyed. Mirza Sheffy, his faithful minister, who had long regarded his master's repeated acts of violence and cruelty with secret horror, now hoping to make some impression on his conscience, seizing the opportunity, suddenly said: "Does not your majesty think it possible, that God may one day not be pleased with this?"

The king slowly raised his head, carefully

keeping his dagger between the filmy heaps in the order he was counting them, and as solemnly replied,—“Sir, by my head, if there should be one eye too few here, I myself will make the number up with yours.”

The rash philanthropist awaited in shuddering silence his fate, well knowing that the word of his master was irrevocable; but happily for him, the sentence had been too scrupulously executed, to call for the forfeit of his compassion, and he even remained in favour.

Our author's next journey was to Eastern Courdistan, to which he proceeded in August 1819; and of the natives of which he draws a very favourable picture:

Senna is the capital of the eastern part of Courdistan, known under the name of the province of Ardelan; its confines to the north touch those of Azerbaijan. The town stands in a most luxuriant vale, richly cultivated, affording abundance of fruits of various kinds, besides producing tobacco and considerable quantities of grain. Its latitude is 35° 12'. The Wally, or chief, is its hereditary governor; and, it is said, the sovereignty has remained for ages in his family. This prince resides in a noble palace in the midst of the city, which he never quits but on hunting excursions; or to visit the Shah, to whom he pays an annual tribute; but the sum is of no consequence, nor have any attempts been made to increase it. The health of the Wally is much out of order at present, from the effects of what has taken place in his nervous system, and is daily undermining his existence, (namely, a dread of being murdered in some way;) and this secret of all his other complaints arises from a series of violent acts he has long been in the practice of committing; murdering and poisoning in every direction, till he fears there may be many in his dominions, and some near his person, well disposed to do him the like office. Indeed, so strong are his apprehensions, he will not trust even his own wives to prepare his food, or mix his medicines, without the severest precautions. The former is always brought to him under the seal of her in whom he thinks he dare place the most confidence. He then obliges her to eat part of it, also her brother, his prime minister, and five or six of his own nearest relations; so that, should poison have been mixed in it, they must all share the same fate with himself. If his indisposition require the application of a *lavement*, he first causes two or three of his women (whose occupation has been to prepare it,) to receive, in his presence, a part of it, and if no ill effects arise, he uses the remainder on himself. Whenever he takes any medicines of his Persian doctors, he obliges them first to eat or drink a part of every dose before him, and then putting his own seal on the remainder, it is carefully deposited in his harem, till he sees what effect it produces on the prescribers; and when all appears to have been right, he then safely swallows the rest. His breakfast generally consists of a pretty large bowl of soup, and the instant he has satisfied his appetite, he makes the nearest relation of the woman whose turn it was to prepare the mess, devour the remainder to the last drop. At dinner, his vizier always mixes the sherbet, and presents it himself to his master, accompanied with an empty basin, into which the prince immediately pours a great share of the liquid,

and the first minister of state drinks it off, ere his illustrious lips dare touch it.

During the moments when the Wally thinks himself recovering, Dr. Cormick told me, he found him even a delightful companion; his general knowledge being far beyond the usual acquirements of great men in this quarter of the world, and his flow of lively humour in such circumstances, perfectly astonishing. One day he was discussing the subject of Christianity and Mahomedanism, while a Jew of Ispahan, one of his occasional physicians, was in the room. “Well!” observed his highness to Dr. Cormick, “it is certainly very illiberal in you Christians not to acknowledge our prophet as a man inspired from God, for we pay that respect to the founder of your religion! But here is a rascal,” cried he, turning to the Jew, “reprobate from both, for he acknowledges neither!”

But these moments of constitutional gaiety are very few. It may be said, “his crimes have murdered Peace, and all her smiling offspring!” Sickness, gloom, and irritation, according to the description of my friend, almost ever clouding his speech and his aspect. His amusement without doors, to lull these busy fiends, is riding; and within, he smothered thought under the incessant noise and bustle of his harem. One of the most favourite entertainments there, is the singing and dancing of a set of people called *Luzmoonies*; both men and women compose these companies, while the latter in general are exquisitely beautiful, and trained to all its powers. But the palace is not the only theatre of their exhibition; various sets of them are to be found every where in the city; and, as all degrees are as fond of the show as their lord, the contagion of such manners has rendered this little capital one of the most dissolute spots in the East. With regard to the wives and daughters of Senna, they make such liberal use of the freedom of their face and habits, that, my informant told me, “they seem to fear neither God nor their husbands.”

The harems of the wealthy inhabitants, independent of the four wives allowed by the Koran, contain vast numbers of other women, but those most in favour are usually the *Luzmoonies*; and, therefore, it is not surprising that their conduct, as well as manners, should be gradually copied by all the rest. In the midst of this apparently general abandonment to the most dissipated pleasures, every creature so thoroughly sympathises with the trembling lord of it all, as to be in constant dread of some destructive evil befalling themselves, from his avarice, suspicions, or habitual cruelty. From this apprehension, many affect poverty; and others carry their terror to such extremity, as to make the earth alone the repository of their riches.

On his return from Courdistan, Sir Robert made a tour of the Lake of Ouroumia, which he estimates at about 240 miles in circumference; and in October he took his final leave of Tabreez, and passed onwards through Armenia, probably over a great part of the ground trodden by Xenophon 2000 years ago, upon whose line of march Sir Robert offers some ingenious speculations. At Argeroom the jealousy of the Turkish government was remarkably displayed when our countryman, whose lodging was in the suburbs, requested leave from the governor to walk into the city within the walls. The answer was,

If your master wishes to purchase any thing in the suburb market, there can be no objection to his going there; but as for his seeing any other parts of the town than where he is, it can be no gratification to him, since one house is like another, and so are all the streets.

A feeling of this truth, were it general, would keep many inquisitive travellers at home; would save those who go abroad many tiresome tramps; would prevent the publication of many books; and would relieve us from loads of criticism.

From Armenia Sir R. K. Porter journeyed into Pontus through the dangerous passes which lie between these countries, and are in a state of foray and feud, resembling the most unsettled times on the English and Scottish Borders. On his way he met the Fair Circassian whose visit to England must of our readers will remember.

Abul Hassan Khan (the ambassador) had purchased her at Constantinople, in his way to the west; where, I understand, (adds Sir R.) both in Paris and London, she was noticed by our European ladies with much kindness; but the style in which I saw her now, produced a sad contrast to what she must then have experienced. When the poor creature in approaching, discerned my Frangy appearance, in the gladness perhaps of a grateful recollection, she was riding forward to address me; but in a moment the rough fellow, who was her conductor, laid his whip over her shoulders, with so terrible an admonition besides, that closing both her lips and her veil, she travelled on with doubtless heavy recollections. To interfere in behalf of a woman so situated, would cast a sort of contamination on her; and therefore have the effect of Don-Quixotic interruption of the boy's castigation from his master,—only redouble the stripes.

The remaining details of these travels through a hundred places of classical interest offer as delightful food for the reader as those parts from which we have made more copious extracts; but as they relate to regions better known, and we have already devoted as much space to our Review as fair exemplification needs, we shall only further say, that for an agreeable style, for intelligence, for views of native manners, and for graphic illustration, we have rarely, if ever, met with a superior work.

BURCKHARDT'S SYRIA, ETC. 4to.

Having returned from Tripoli to Damascus, Burckhardt prepared for another journey southward into the Haouran (mentioned Ezekiel, c. xlvii. v. 16) and mountains on the E. and S. E. of the Lake of Tiberias. At Naeme he tells us—

I saw, for the first time, a swarm of locusts; they so completely covered the surface of the ground, that my horse killed numbers of them at every step, whilst I had the greatest difficulty in keeping from my face those which rose up and flew about. This species is called in Syria, Djerad Nedjdyat or Djerad Teyar, i.e. the flying locusts, being thus distinguished from the other species, called Djerad Dsahhaf, or devouring locusts. The former have a yellow body; a gray breast, and wings of a dirty

white, with gray spots. The latter, I was told, have a whitish gray body, and white wings. The Nedjdyat are much less dreaded than the others, because they feed only upon the leaves of trees and vegetables, sparing the wheat and barley. The Dsahhaf, on the contrary, devour whatever vegetation they meet with, and are the terror of the husbandmen; the Nedjdyat attack only the produce of the gardener, or the wild herbs of the desert. I was told, however, that the offspring of the Nedjdyat produced in Syria partake of the voracity of the Dsahhaf, and like them prey upon the crops of grain. Those which I saw in the Haouran, and afterwards in the gardens of Damascus, fly in separate bodies, and do not spread over a whole district. The young of this species are quite black until a certain age.

The Bedouins eat locusts, which are collected in great quantities in the beginning of April, when the sexes cohabit, and they are easily caught; after having been roasted a little upon the iron plate, on which bread is baked, they are dried in the sun, and then put into large sacks, with the mixture of a little salt. They are never served up as a dish, but every one takes a handful of them when hungry. The peasants of Syria do not eat locusts, nor have I myself ever had an opportunity of tasting them: there are a few poor Fellahs in the Haouran, however, who sometimes pressed by hunger, make a meal of them; but they break off the head and take out the entrails before they dry them in the sun. The Bedouins swallow them entire. The natural enemy of the locust is the bird Semermar; which is of the size of a swallow, and devours vast numbers of them; it is even said that the locusts take flight at the cry of the bird. But if the whole feathered tribe of the districts visited by locusts were to unite their efforts, it would avail little, so immense are the numbers of these dreadful insects.

The ruins of a temple at Djerash (pronounced Kerash) are represented as superior to all others in Syria, except those of the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra; and a description of these remains, with a few not very important geographical observations, are the principal results of this second visit to the Haouran.

The next journey was from Damascus through the mountains of Arabia Petrea and the desert of El Ty to Cairo, which route the traveller preferred to the usual one by Jerusalem and Ghaza, that he might visit the little known districts to the East of the Dead Sea, the mountains East of Jordan, and the country between the Dead and Red Seas. To perform this he assumed the common Bedouin garb, took no baggage, and rode a sorry mare not likely to provoke Arab cupidity. Near Szaftad

... is shewn the well into which Joseph was let down by his brothers; it is in a small court-yard by the side of the Khan, is about three feet in diameter, and at least thirty feet deep. I was told that the bottom is hewn in the rock: its sides were well lined with masonry as far as I could see into it, and the water never dries up, a circumstance which makes it difficult to believe that this was the well into which Joseph was thrown. The whole of the mountain in the vicinity is covered with large pieces of black stone; but the main body of the rock is calcareous.

The country people relate that the tears of Jacob dropping upon the ground while he was in search of his son turned the white stones black, and they in consequence call these stones Jacob's tears. Joseph's well is held in veneration by Turks as well as Christians; the former have a small chapel just by it, and caravan travellers seldom pass here without saying a few prayers in honour of Youssef. The Khan is on the great road from Akka to Damascus. It is inhabited by a dozen Moggrebyn soldiers, with their families, who cultivate the fields near it. - - -

Tabaria, the ancient Tiberias, stands close to the lake, upon a small plain, surrounded by mountains. Its situation is extremely hot and unhealthy, as the mountain impedes the free course of the westerly winds which prevail throughout Syria during the summer. Hence intermittent fevers, especially those of the quartan form, are very common in the town in that season. Little rain falls in winter, snow is almost unknown on the borders of the lake, and the temperature, on the whole, appears to be very nearly the same as that of the Dead Sea. The town is surrounded towards the land by a thick and well built wall, about twenty feet in height, with a high parapet and loop-holes. It surrounds the city on three sides, and touches the water at its two extremities. - - -

The Christian church is dedicated to St. Peter, and is said to have been founded on the spot where St. Peter threw his net. It belongs to the community of Terra Santa, and is visited annually on St. Peter's day by the Frank missionaries of Nazaret, who celebrate mass in it on this occasion. In the street, not far from the church, is a large stone, formerly the architrave of some building; upon which are sculptured in bas-relief two lions seizing two sheep.

There are about four thousand inhabitants in Tabaria, one-fourth of whom are Jews. The Christian community consists only of a few families, but they enjoy great liberty, and are on a footing of equality with the Turks. The difference of treatment which the Christians experience from the Turks in different parts of Syria is very remarkable. In some places a Christian would be deprived of his last farthing, if not of his life, were he to curse the Mohammedan religion when quarrelling with a Turk; while in others but a few hours distant, he retorts with impunity upon the Mohammedan, every invective which he may utter against the Christian religion. At Szaftad, where is a small Christian community, the Turks are extremely intolerant; at Tiberias, on the contrary, I have seen Christians beating Turks in the public Bazar. This difference seems chiefly to depend upon the character of the local government: That of Soleiman Pasha of Akka, the successor of Djezzar, is distinguished for its religious tolerance; while Damascus still continues to be the seat of fanaticism, and will remain so as long as there are no Frank establishments or European agents in that city. - - -

... I was informed that the shrub which produces the balm of Mecca succeeds very well here, and that several people have it in their gardens. It was described to me as a low shrub, with leaves resembling those of the vine, the fruit about three inches long and in the form of a cucumber, changing from green to a yellow colour when ripe; it is gathered in June, oil is then poured over it, and in this state it is exposed to the sun,

after which the juice forming the balm is expressed from it. . . .

Tiberias is one of the four holy cities of the Talmud; the other three being Saffad, Jerusalem, and Hebron. It is esteemed holy ground, because Jacob is supposed to have resided here, and because it is situated on the lake Genesareth, from which, according to the most generally received opinion of the Talmud, the Messiah is to rise. The greater part of the Jews who reside in these holy places do not engage in mercantile pursuits; but are a society of religious persons occupied solely with their sacred duties. There are among them only two who are merchants, and men of property, and these are styled *Kasars* or unbelievers by the others, who do nothing but read and pray. Jewish devotees from all parts of the globe flock to the four holy cities, in order to pass their days in praying for their own salvation, and that of their brethren, who remain occupied in worldly pursuits. But the offering up of prayers by these devotees is rendered still more indispensable by a dogma contained in the Talmud, that the world will return to its primitive chaos, if prayers are not addressed to the God of Israel at least twice a week in these four cities; this belief produces considerable pecuniary advantage to the supplicants, as the missionaries sent abroad to collect alms for the support of these religious fraternities plead the danger of the threatened chaos, to induce the rich Jews to send supplies of money, in order that the prayers may be constantly offered up. Three or four missionaries are sent out every year; one to the coasts of Africa from Damietta to Mogadore, another to the coasts of Europe from Venice to Gibraltar, a third to the Archipelago, Constantinople, and Anatolia; and a fourth through Syria. The charity of the Jews of London is appealed to from time to time; but the Jews of Gibraltar have the reputation of being more liberal than any others, and from four to five thousand Spanish dollars are received annually from them. The Polish Jews settled at Tiberias send several collectors regularly into Bohemia and Poland, and the rich Jewish merchants in those countries have their pensioners in the Holy Land, to whom they regularly transmit sums of money. Great jealousy seems to prevail between the Syrian and Polish Jews. The former being in possession of the place, oblige the foreigners to pay excessively high for their lodgings; and compel them also to contribute considerable sums towards the relief of the indigent Syrians, while they themselves never give the smallest trifle to the poor from Poland.

The pilgrim Jews, who repair to Tiberias, are of all ages from twelve to sixty. If they bring a little money with them, the cunning of their brethren here soon deprives them of it; for as they arrive with the most extravagant ideas of the holy cities, they are easily imposed upon before their enthusiasm begins to cool. To rent a house in which some learned Rabbim or saint died, to visit the tombs of the most renowned devotees, to have the sacred books opened in their presence, and public prayers read for the salvation of the new-comers, all these inestimable advantages, together with various other minor religious tricks, soon strip the stranger of his last farthing; he then becomes dependent upon the charity of his nation, upon foreign subsidies, or upon the fervour of some inexperienced pilgrim. Those who go

abroad as missionaries generally realise some property, as they are allowed ten per cent. upon all alms collected, besides their travelling expenses. The Jewish devotees pass the whole day in the schools or the synagogue, reciting the Old Testament and the Talmud, both of which many of them know entirely by heart. They all write Hebrew; but I did not see any fine hand-writing amongst them; their learning seems to be on the same level as that of the Turks, among whom an *Olema* thinks he has attained the pinnacle of knowledge if he can recite all the Koran together with some thousand of Hadeth, or sentences of the Prophet, and traditions concerning him; but neither Jews, nor Turks, nor Christians, in these countries, have the slightest idea of that criticism, which might guide them to a rational explanation or emendation of their sacred books. It was in vain that I put questions to several of the first Rabbins, concerning the desert in which the children of Israel sojourned for forty years; I found that my own scanty knowledge of the geography of Palestine, and of its partition amongst the twelve tribes, was superior to theirs. . . .

They observe a singular custom here in praying; while the Rabbim recites the Psalms of David, or the prayers extracted from them, the congregation frequently imitate by their voice or gestures, the meaning of some remarkable passages: for example, when the Rabbim pronounces the words, "praise the Lord with the sound of the trumpet," they imitate the sound of the trumpet through their closed fists. When "a horrible tempest" occurs, they puff and blow to represent a storm; or should he mention "the cries of the righteous in distress," they all set up a loud screaming; and it not unfrequently happens that while some are still blowing the storm, others have already begun the cries of the righteous, thus forming a concert which it is difficult for any but a zealous Hebrew to hear with gravity.

These interesting particulars are followed by an account of Mount Tabor and Nazareth, (now Naszera) where the Author met Lady Hester Stanhope on her way to the north of Syria.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE VEIL OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

MARIA STUART has been canonized, and placed among the Martyrs by the Jesuits. Of course there are relics of her's. Her prayer-book was long shown in France; and Whitaker, her apologist, published in an English journal a Sonnet which she was said to have composed, and to have written with her own hand in this book. A celebrated German actress, Mrs. Hendel-Schutz, who has excited admiration by her attitudes,* and also performed Schiller's *Maria* with great applause in several cities of Germany, affirmed that a cross which she wore on her neck was the very same that once belonged to the unfortunate Queen. Relics of this description have never yet been subjected to the proof of their authenticity. But if there is any thing which

* In the manner of the celebrated attitudes of Lady Hamilton.—Ed.

may be reasonably believed to have been once the property of the Queen, it is the Veil with which she covered her head on the scaffold, after the executioner, whether from awkwardness or confusion is uncertain, had wounded the unfortunate victim in the shoulder by a false blow. This Veil still exists, and is in the possession of Sir J. C. Hippisley, who claims to be descended from the Stuarts by the mother's side. He had an engraving made from it by Matteo Diottavi, in Rome, 1818, and gives copies to his friends. We have obtained a sight of one of them, and give the following as the result of our examination.

The Veil is embroidered with gold spangles by (as is said) the Queen's own hand, in regular rows crossing each other, so as to form small squares, and edged with a gold border, to which another border has been subsequently joined, in which the following words are embroidered in letters of gold:—

"Velum Serenissimæ Mariæ, Scotiæ et Galliæ Reginæ Martyris, quo induebatur dum ab Heretica ad mortem infuissimam condemnata fuit. Anno Sal. MDLXXXVI. a nobilissima matrona Anglicana diu conservatum et tandem, donjonis ergo Deo, et Societati Jesu consecratum."

On the plate there is an inscription, with a double certificate of its authenticity, which states, that this Veil, a family treasure of the expelled house of Stuart, was finally in possession of the last branch of that family, the Cardinal of York, who preserved it for many years in his private chapel, among the most precious relics, and at his death bequeathed it to Sir J. Hippisley, together with a valuable Plutarch, and a Codex with painted (illuminated) letters, and a gold coin struck in Scotland in the reign of Queen Mary; and it was specially consecrated by Pope Pius VII. in his palace on the Quirinal, April 29, 1818. Sir John Hippisley, during a former residence at Rome, had been very intimate with the Cardinal of York, and was instrumental in obtaining for him, when he with the other cardinals emigrated to Venice in 1798, a pension of 4000*l.* a-year from the Prince of Wales, now King George IV.; but for which, the fugitive cardinal, all whose revenues were seized by the French, would have been exposed to the greatest distress. The cardinal desired to requite this service by the bequest of what he considered so valuable. According to a note on the plate, the Veil is eighty-nine English inches long and forty-three broad, so that it seems to have been rather a kind of shawl or scarf than a veil. If we remember rightly, Melville in his *Memoirs*, which Schiller had read, speaks of a handkerchief belonging to the queen, which she gave away before her death, and Schiller founds upon this anecdote the well-known words of the farewell scene, addressed to Margaret Curl.*

Nimm dieses Tuch! Ich hab's mit eigner Hand Für Dich gestickt in meines Kammers Stunden, Und meine heissen Thränen eingewoben. Mit diesem Tuch wirst Du die Augen mir verbinden."

* The words are addressed, in Schiller's tragedy, to Hannah Kennedy.—Ed.

"Accept this handkerchief! with my own hand
For thee I've worked it in my hours of sadness;
And interwoven with my scalding tears:
With this thou'lt bind my eyes."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ASTRONOMICAL APPEARANCES.

On the 3d of June a very remarkable luminous phenomenon was observed at Angers in France, about a quarter past eight o'clock, p.m. It was attended by a considerable explosion, followed by a fall of meteoric stones: one of these descended in a garden very near a female who was watering flowers. This fragment was picked up, and weighs 30 ounces. It is jagged (herissé) with angular points, and evidently formed part of a larger mass: it is covered with a black crust, on which indications of fusion are perceptible. The light of the meteor was visible as far as Loudun and Poitiers.

COMETS.—M. Pons, Director of the new Observatory of Marlia, near Lucca, has discovered a new Comet in the constellation Pisces. M. Gambart at Marseilles has already ascertained several of its absolute positions. On the 10th of June its right ascension was $349^{\circ} 37'$, and its southern declination $10^{\circ} 56'$. It is not yet visible to the naked eye.

The other Comet recently discovered is rapidly vanishing. According to the calculations of M. Nicollet at Paris, it passed to its perihelion on the 6th of May. The other elements of its orbit, determined by the same astronomer, have no resemblance to those of other comets heretofore observed.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, June 8.—Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—G. Rooke, Rev. G. Hemming, Merton College; Rev. W. Robinson, Rev. H. Ayling, Magdalen Hall; Rev. H. J. Gunning, Balliol College; Rev. G. Edge Lardner, Brasenose College.

Bachelors of Arts.—Griffith Roberts, B.A. of Jesus College, was incorporated from Dublin. The Hon. W. Wingfield, Brasenose College, grand compounder. W. Williams, All Souls' College; E. Wilson, Postmaster of Merton College; C. Hedges, Lincoln College; E. G. Simcox, Scholar of Wadham College; H. Tull, St. Edmund Hall; T. Coltman, W. Stone, Brasenose College; H. Trimmer, Exeter College; J. H. Lloyd, R. Lechmere, G. Sercombe Lake, T. Stringer, Queen's College; R. Howlett, W. W. Gale, Pembroke College; W. Weld, St. John's College.

CAMBRIDGE, June 14.—At the Congregation on Tuesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Physic.—Cornwallis Hewett, Esq. Downing Professor of Med.

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. J. Lamb, Master of Corpus Christi College; Rev. J. Griffith, Fellow, Rev. H. J. Tayler, Rev. R. H. Shuttleworth, Emmanuel College; Rev. E. Atkyns Bray, Trin. College; Rev. E. Hawell, St. John's College.

Honorary Master of Arts.—The Hon. Dawson Massey, Trin. College.

Masters of Arts.—H. Burnaby Greene, Corpus Christi College; Adam Fitz-Adam, Christ College.

Bachelors in Civil Law.—H. Bennett, Trinity College; W. Colston, Trinity Hall.

Bachelor in Physic.—G. Pearce, St. John's College.

Bachelor of Arts.—Edw. Lowe, St. John's College.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

WE have little to add in our remarks on the Sculpture of the present Exhibition. Mr. Westmacott has taken two very opposite grounds in the character of art. In his *Psyche* we have the imagination, in his *Houseless Traveller* the reality of life—and we may add, the reality of imitation, for, independent of the sculptured flesh of the female and her infant, the coarse covering thrown over the lower part of the first figure amounts to a deception. We do not think the like of this drapery has ever been wrought in marble; but, while we admire the skill that has produced it, we are very far from giving our assent to the practice of deceiving the eye in works of sculpture. It never was intended by any sculptured imitation to produce a deception on the sight; the form and the expression is all the sculptor has to do with; the texture of the flesh and the pliancy of the muscle come within his province; the folds of his drapery are also a part of his art, but in the texture he has only the choice of the fine and the coarse, and in giving the latter Mr. Westmacott has condescended to be the weaver instead of the sculptor of drapery. Why take off the attention from the pathos of the story to admire this curiosity in marble? Roubiliac has carried the art of sculptured drapery as far as need be, and he thought only of the folds.

There are other subjects of considerable interest, such as the *Sleeping Child* in marble, No. 1042, by J. Flaxman, R.A.; the *Rape of Cassandra*, No. 1043, by H. Rossi; No. 1006, *Devotion*, part of a monument in memory of a Lady, J. Bacon—No. 997, the *Judgment of Brutus* on his Sons, W. Scouler: A clever and spirited group, displaying the stern virtues of the Roman Father; but while it shows the skill of the artist, we are at a loss to imagine to what purpose this and many subjects of a similar nature can be applied, except it may be to demonstrate the sculptor's power over other designs. Yet, while we thus express our doubts of the expediency of this practice, it is only with reference to the confined view of the state of public taste and public economy that we speak; for, that our public squares, gardens, courts of justice, &c. &c. might, with great advantage to the sculpture of the country, and with credit to national virtue, exhibit some striking and noble examples of patriotism, justice, benevolence, or humanity, cannot be denied. But we must not follow up our remarks, or it will be said, that "wanting bread," we would give the people, "stone."

PORTRAITURE IN SCULPTURE.

This branch of the art labours under peculiar disadvantages in exhibition, to say nothing of the miserable light, or rather darkness visible, of the Model academy. Busts intended for a niche, or pedestal, to stand alone, and, in the dignity of their worth and the estimation of their character, shed a lustre on surrounding objects, are here huddled together, placed on shelves as in a figure-maker's shop. The bust of His Majesty excepted, there is scarce one that can be properly appreciated. It is not with the sculptured portrait as with the painted; the latter, secured by a margin of frame, insures a sight even under the disadvantage of bad light, and surrounded by contemporary art. Hence it is that the excellent portrait of the Duke of Wellington by Sir Thomas Lawrence, or that of the Duke of Bedford by the same artist, would not escape observation any where; but place the busts of these illustrious persons among the marble heads and models upon shelves and in corners, and were it not for their names where would be their distinction? We repeat, that the Sculptors of this country labour under peculiar disadvantages, both in the exhibition of their subjects and their busts, particularly in the latter; and aware of the unfavourable view in which they may appear to those who are ignorant of or do not take this drawback into account, we have made these observations, hoping that time, good taste, and the funds of the Academy, may find a remedy not only for this evil, but provide for the better exhibition of other works.

ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS, ETC.

"If," says Iago, "I am not critical, I am nothing;" but to be critical in what we do not understand is to be worse—it is to be mischievous. We by no means intend to say that we do not take an interest in the Architectural talent of our country, or consider our public edifices but as augmenting the consideration of our nation in the view of foreigners; but in Plans and Elevations we take comparatively small interest. Our view therefore of this room is soon taken, and principally confined to those remains of ancient grandeur, which otherwise might never have met our sight. Of this class, the following excite our attention:

No. 869, View of the Temple of Theseus; taken on the spot. W. J. Booth.

No. 881, View of the Parthenon; taken on the spot. C. Barry.

No. 885, View of the Temple of Vesta, at Tivoli, in its present state. G. L. Taylor.

No. 899, Church of La Madonna de Miracoli, Venice: A. Poynter.

No. 905, North-west View of the remains of the Temple of Minerva, Parthenon, &c. &c. W. Jenkins.

No. 897, View of a Doric Ruin at Corinth, from a sketch made on the spot. W. Kinnard.

These, with others of a like kind, are things of other days, every moment sinking into decay, and must ere long be "like the baseless fabric of a vision."

No. 874, Sketch of a Design for a Triumphal Bridge. *W. H. Newnham.*

As far as the subject lives in our memory, this design appears to resemble one (by the late Thomas Sandby, Esq.) usually exhibited in his Course of Lectures at the Royal Academy.

Nos. 875 and 906 shew Designs of part of the exterior and interior of a house in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. By *J. Soane, R. A.*

Knowing the genius of Mr. Soane, and feeling the taste and beauty of parts of these designs, we cannot help thinking their mode of arrangement very faulty. Were they exhibited each by itself, their merits would be seen, but together they form a sort of Kaleidoscope of rich materials for the use of those who can separate them.

This room contains several very clever Medallion productions: Among them—

No. 925, Portrait in Ivory of his Holiness Pope Pius the Seventh, done at Rome 1821. *W. Ewing.* Also by the same artist a Study in Ivory from the Head of an Antique Statue of Antinous; a Portrait of Canova, done at Rome 1820; and the Portrait of a Young Lady in the same material. There is a delicacy and beauty in these performances, that must, we think, recommend the artist to attention and employment: we scarcely recollect seeing any thing more correct or more beautiful. Some Seals are admirably cut by *W. Warner.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE WANDERER.

A Fragment.

..... He laid his side upon the bank,
Making his couch of lily and of rose:
Above him waved its buds a woodbine dank,
Fanning the curls upon his burning brows.
His harp was hung upon its slender boughs;
And ever as the sudden swelling air
Did in its strings the slumbering spirit rouse,
He thought upon his Love, so false and fair,
And to his wan lips pressed her lock of auburn hair.
Now Evening's golden urn o'erflowed with hues
Of all rare beauty, on the West afar;
And down the sky, encompassed with sweet dew,
Came sailing in its state the Twilight Star;
And on the hills a quivering silver bar
Showed where the Moon was in her cloudy tent,
Waiting until her brother's fiery car
Had plunged within the watery element,
That ever and anon a dying murmur sent.
The Minstrel smiled; and sighed, "O gentle bower,
Within thy shadow ever might I dwell!
Here should I see no Baron's frowning tower,
Nor feel upon my heart the Convent knell,
Where Love and Beauty in some dreary cell
Waste life away, of all its life forlorn,
In agonies not made for words to tell;
Till comes the long long night without the morn;
And to its earthy bed the broken heart is borne."

A sound was heard in Heaven—the hurrying clouds
Unfurled their pinions o'er the turbid sea,
As if dark Spirits sat within their shrouds,
Down to its roots was bowed the forest-tree,
The wolf against the wind howled mournfully;
The cloudy armies still came thickening on,
Scaling the mountains till they reach'd the sky—
Then, like a trumpet's solitary tone,
The thunder gave the sign—the tempest was begun.

The Minstrel started from his dripping bed,
And looked abroad on Heaven; the lightning-vein
Still left upon the storm its streak of red;
The rain had paused, but heavy smokes were seen
Bursting the solemn thunder-clouds between,
As if, within, the fiery wrath still blazed.
The Ocean lay a sheet of trembling green,
With spots, like floating islands, purple hazed,
Round which with weary sail some wandering
vessel mazed.

SONGS.

1.

Ah, look upon those withered flowers,
And look upon that broken lute!
Why are those roses scentless, dead?
Why are those gentle chords so mute?
A sunbeam pass'd and kissed those flowers,
Waked the young bloom, the incense sigh;
But darkling clouds came o'er that ray,
The rose was left to droop, to die!
A wind breathed by and waked the lyre,
Oh never had it such a sound;
But soon the gale too rudely swept—
The lute lay broken on the ground!
These things are emblems of my heart;
And what has been thine influence there?
You taught me first love's happiness,
How could you teach me love's despair!

2. LOVE'S LAST WORDS.

Light be around thee, hope be thy guide;
Gay be thy bark, and smooth be the tide;
Soft be the wind that heareth thee on,
Sweet be thy welcome, thy wanderings done.
Bright be the hearth, may the eyes you love best
Greet the long-absent again to his rest;
Be thy life like glad music which floateth away
As the gale lingering over the rose-tree in May.
But yet while thy moments in melody roll,
Be one dark remembrance left on thy soul,
Be the song of the evening thrice sad on thine ear—
Then think how your twilights were past away here.
And yet let the shadow of sorrowing be
Light as the dream of the morning to thee!
One fond, faint recollection, one last sigh of thine
May be granted to love so devoted as mine!

3. FOR MUSIC.

Thou art looking on the face of night, my love!
Is not yon evening star bright, my love?
Methinks it is
A world of bliss
For spirits all softness and light, my love!
This earth is so chilled with care, my dear!
Would we might wing our flight there, my dear!
For love to blaze
With the cloudless rays
It would have in a world so fair, my dear!
But my wish to visit that star, dear love!
Is vain as any other hopes are, dear love!
For my heart's wild sigh
Of idolatry
Breathes with thee like that planet afar, dear love!

L. E. L.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

JOURNAL OF A WEEK OF A LADY OF FASHION.

[A neat volume has just issued from the press, entitled "Sketches and Fragments," by the Author of "The Magic Lantern," which pleasing little work, we mentioned at the period of its publication, was from the pen of Lady Blessington. The present elegant companion to it is

consequently the production of the same accomplished lady, whose taste and good feeling are perhaps still more delightfully exhibited in its pages than in those of its precursor. As an example of both, we select one of the Sketches instead of an original Essay for this portion of our Gazette.]

Monday.—Awoke with a head-ach, the certain effect of being bored all the evening before, by the never-dying strain at the Countess of Leyden's. Nothing ever was half so tiresome as musical parties: no one gives them except those who can exhibit themselves, and fancy they excel. If you speak, during the performance of one of their endless pieces, they look cross and affronted: except that all the world of fashion are there, I never would go to another; for, positively, it is ten times more fatiguing than staying at home. To be compelled to look charmed, and to applaud when you are half dead from suppressing yawns, and to see half-a-dozen very tolerable men, with whom one could have had a very pleasant chat, except for the stupid music, is really too bad. Let me see, what have I done this day? oh! I remember every thing went wrong, as it always does when I have a head-ach. Flounce, more than usually stupid, tortured my hair, and I flushed my face by scolding her. I wish people could scold without getting red, for it disfigures one for the whole day; and the consciousness of this always makes me more angry, as I think it doubly provoking in Flounce to discompose me, when she must know it spoils my looks.

Dressing from twelve to three. Madame Tormure sent me a most unbecoming cap: mem. I shall leave her off when I have paid her bill.—Heigh-ho,—when will that be?—Tormented by duns, jewellers, mercers, milliners:—I think they always fix on Mondays for dunning: I suppose it is because they know one is sure to be horribly vapoured after a Sunday evening's party, and they like to increase one's miseries.

Just as I was stepping into my carriage, fancying that I had got over the desagrégemens of the day, a letter arrives to say that my mother is very ill, and wants to see me: drove to Grosvenor Square in no very good humour for nursing, and, as I expected, found that Madame Ma Mère fancies herself much worse than she really is. Advised her to have dear Dr. Emulsion, who always tells people they are not in danger, and who never disturbs his patient's mind with the idea of death until the moment of its arrival: found my sister supporting mamma's head on her bosom, and heard that she had sat up all night with her: by-the-by, she did not look half so fatigued and ennuied as I did. They seemed both a little surprised at my leaving them so soon; but really there is no standing a sick room in May. My sister begged of me to come soon again, and cast a look of alarm (meant only for my eye) at my mother: I really think she helps to make her hypochondriac, for she is always fancying her in danger. Made two or three calls: drove in the Park: saw Belmont, who looked as if he expected to see me, and who asked if I was to be at the Duchess of Winton's to-night. I pro-

missed to go—he seemed delighted. What would Lady Allendale say, if she saw the pleasure which the assurance of my going gave him? I long to let her see my triumph. Dined *tête-à-tête*—my lord very sulky—abused my friend Lady Winstanley, purposely to pique me,—he wished me not to go out; said it was shameful, and mamma so ill; just as if my staying at home would make her any better. Found a letter from Madame, the governess, saying that the children want frocks and stockings:—they are always wanting:—I do really believe they wear out their things purposely to plague me. Dressed for the Duchess of Winterton's: wore my new Parisian robe of blonde lace, trimmed in the most divine way, with lilies of the valley. Founce said I looked myself, and I believe there was some truth in it; for the little discussion with my Caro had given an animation and lustre to my eyes. I gave Founce my puce coloured satin pelisse as a peace-offering for the morning scold.—The party literally full almost to suffocation. Belmont was hovering near the door of the anti-room, as if waiting my approach: he said, I never looked so resplendent:—Lady Allendale appeared ready to die with envy—very few handsome women in the room—and still fewer well dressed. Looked in at Lady Calderwood's, and Mrs. Burnet's. Belmont followed me to each. Came home at half-past three o'clock, tired to death, and had my lovely dress torn past all chance of repair, by coming in contact with the button of one of the footmen in Mrs. B.'s hall. This is very provoking, for I dare say Madame Tournure will charge abominably high for it.

Tuesday.—Awoke in good spirits, having had delightful dreams:—sent to know how mamma felt, and heard she had a bad night:—must call there, if I can:—wrote Madame a lecture, for letting the children wear out their clothes so fast: Founce says, they wear out twice as many things as Lady Woodland's children. Read a few pages of Amelia Mansfield: very affecting: put it by for fear of making my eyes red. Lady Mortimer came to see me, and told me a great deal of scandal chit-chat: she is very amusing.—I did not get out till past five: too late then to go and see mamma. Drove in the Park, and saw Lady Litchfield walking: got out and joined her: the people stared a good deal. Belmont left his horse and came to us: he admired my walking dress very much.—Dined alone, and so escaped a lecture:—had not nerves sufficient to see the children:—they make such a noise, and spoil one's clothes. Went to the Opera: wore my tissue turban, which has a good effect. Belmont came to my box, and sat every other visitor out. My lord came in, and looked, as usual, sulky. Wanted me to go away without waiting for the dear delightful squeeze of the round room. My lord scolded the whole way home, and said I should have been by the sick-bed of my mother instead of being at the Opera. I hummed a tune, which I find is the best mode of silencing him, and he muttered something about my being unfeeling and incorrigible.

Wednesday.—Did not rise till past one o'clock, and from three to five was occupied in trying on dresses and examining new trimmings. Determined on not calling to see mamma this day, because if I found her much worse, I might be prevented from going to Almack's, which I have set my heart on:—drove out shopping, and bought some lovely things:—met Belmont, who gave me a note which he begged me to read at my leisure:—had half a mind to refuse taking it, but felt confused, and he went away before I recovered my self-possession:—almost determined on returning it without breaking the seal, and put it into my reticule with this intention; but somehow or other my curiosity prevailed, and I opened it.—Found it filled with hearts, and darts, and declarations:—felt very angry at first; for really it is very provoking that one can't have a comfortable little flirtation half-a-dozen times with a man, but that he fancies he may declare his passion, and so bring on a *dénouement*; for one must either cut the creature, which, if he is amusing, is disagreeable, or else he thinks himself privileged to repeat his love on every occasion. How very silly men are in acting thus; for if they continued their assiduities without a positive declaration, one might affect to misunderstand their attentions, however marked; but those decided declarations leave nothing to the imagination; and offended modesty, with all the guards of female propriety, are indispensably up in arms. I remember reading in some book, that "A man has seldom an offer of kindness to make to a woman that she has not a presentiment of it some moments before;" and I think it was in the same book that I read that a continuation of quiet attentions, leaving their meaning to the imagination, is the best mode of gaining a female heart. My own experience has proved the truth of this.—I wish Belmont had not written to me:—I don't know what to do:—how shocked my mother and sister would be if they knew it:—I have promised to dance with him at Almack's too;—how disagreeable. "I shall take the note and return it to him, and desire that he will not address me again in that style. I have read the note again, and I really believe he loves me very much:—poor fellow, I pity him:—how vexed Lady Winstanley would be if she knew it:—I must not be very angry with him: I'll look grave and dignified, and so awe him, but not be too severe. I have looked over the billet again, and don't find it so presumptuous as I first thought it:—after all, there is nothing to be angry about, for fifty women of rank have had the same sort of thing happen to them without any mischief following it. Belmont says I am a great prude, and I believe I am; for I frequently find myself recurring to the sage maxims of mamma and my sister, and asking myself what would they think of so and so. Lady Winstanley laughs at them, and calls them a couple of precise quizzers; but still I have remarked how much more lenient they are to a fault than she is. Heigh-ho, I am afraid they have been too lenient to mine:—but I must

banish melancholy reflections, and dress for Almack's. Founce told me, on finishing my toilette, that I was armed for conquest; and that I never looked so beautiful. Mamma would not much approve of Founce's familiar mode of expressing her admiration; but, poor soul, she only says what she thinks.—I have observed that my lord dislikes Founce very much; but so he does every one that I like.

Never was there such a delightful ball:—though I am fatigued beyond measure, I must note down this night's adventures:—I found the rooms quite filled, and narrowly escaped being locked out by the inexorable regulations of the Lady Patronesses, for it only wanted a quarter to twelve when I entered. By-the-bye, I have often wondered why people submit to the haughty sway of those ladies; but I suppose it is that most persons dislike trouble, and so prefer yielding to their imperious dictates, to incurring a displeasure, which would be too warmly and too loudly expressed, not to alarm the generality of quiet people. There is a quackery in fashion, as in all other things, and any one who has courage enough (I was going to write impudence,) rank enough, and wealth enough, may be a leader. But here am I moralizing on the requisites of a leader of fashion, when I should be noting down the delicious scene of this night in her favourite and favoured temple. I tried to look very grave at poor Belmont; but the lights, the music, and the gaiety of the scene around me, with the consciousness of my looking more than usually well, gave such an exhilaration to my spirits, that I could not contract my brows into any thing like a frown; and without a frown, or something approaching it, it is impossible to look grave. Belmont took advantage of my good spirits to claim my hand, and pressed it very much. I determined to postpone my lecture to him until the next good opportunity, for a ball-room is the worst place in the world to act the moral or sentimental. —*A-propos* of Belmont, what have I done with his note?—My God, what a scrape have I got into!—I left my reticule, into which I had put the note, on my sofa, and the note bears the evident marks of having been opened by some one who could not fold it again: it must have been Founce.—I have often observed her curiosity—and now am I completely in her power.—What shall I do?—After serious consideration, I think it the wisest plan to appear not to suspect her, and part with her the first good opportunity. I feel all over in a tremor, and can write no more.

Thursday.—Could not close my eyes for three hours after I got to bed; and when I did, dreamt of nothing but detections, duels, and exposures:—awoke terrified.—I feel nervous and wretched:—Founce looks more than usually important and familiar—or is it conscience that alarms me?—Would to Heaven I had never received that horrid note—or that I had recollected to take it to Almack's, and give it back to him. I really feel quite ill. Madame requested an audience, and has told me she can no longer remain in my family, as she finds it impos-

sible to do my children justice unassisted by me. I tried to persuade her to stay another quarter, but she firmly, but civilly, declined. This is very provoking, for the children are fond of, and obedient to Madame, and I have had no trouble since she has been with them; besides my mother recommended her, and will be annoyed at her going. I must write to Madame, and offer to double her salary; all governesses, at least all that I have tried, like money. I must lie down, I feel so fatigued and languid:—mamma is worse, and I really am unable to go to her; for I am so nervous that I could be of no use.

Friday.—I am summoned to my mother, and my Lord says she is in the utmost danger. Madame, to add to my discomforts, has declined my offers:—I feel a strong presentiment of evil, and dread I know not what * * *

Good Heavens! what a scene have I witnessed—my dear and excellent mother was insensible when I got to her, and died without seeing or blessing me. Oh! what would I not give to recall the past, or to bring back even the last fleeting week, that I might atone, in some degree, for my folly, my worse than folly—my selfish and cruel neglect of the best of mothers! Never shall I cease to abhor myself for it.—Never till I saw that sainted form for ever insensible did I feel my guilt. From day to day I have deceived myself with the idea that her illness was not dangerous, and silenced all the whispers of affection and duty, to pursue my selfish and heartless pleasures. How different are the resignation and fortitude of my sister, from my frantic grief!—she has nothing to accuse herself of, and knows that her care and attention soothed the bed of death. But how differently was I employed!—distraction is in the thought; I can write no more, for my tears efface the words.

Saturday.—My dear and estimable sister has been with me, and has spoken comfort to my afflicted soul. She conveyed to me a letter from my sainted parent, written a few hours before her death, which possibly this exertion accelerated. The veil which has so long shrouded my reason is for ever removed, and all my selfishness and misconduct are laid bare to my view. Oh! my mother—you whose pure counsel and bright example in life could not preserve your unworthy child, from the bed of death your last effort has been to save her. As a daughter, a wife, and a mother, how have I blighted your hopes and wounded your affections!

My sister says, that my mother blessed me with her last words, and expressed her hopes that her dying advice would snatch me from the paths of error. Those dying hopes, and that last blessing shall be my preservatives. I will from this hour devote myself to the performance of those duties that I have so shamefully, so cruelly neglected. My husband, my children,—with you I will retire from those scenes of dissipation and folly, so fatal to my repose and virtue; and in retirement commune with my own heart, correct its faults, and

endeavour to emulate the excellencies of my lamented mother.

Oh! may my future conduct atone for the past, but never, never let the remembrance of my errors be effaced from my mind.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE has only been opened for a Meeting of the Proprietors, at which Messrs. Calcraft and Robins acted the principal parts. The soliloquies and dialogues gave great satisfaction, and the audience departed much better satisfied with the *Representations* than any one had anticipated.

The close of the dramatic season on the preceding Friday was attended with rather uncommon circumstances. No farewell address was, as is usual, prepared; or else, if prepared, the Manager had forgotten it; for when the audience clamoured for their wonted speech, Mr. Cooper was compelled to come forward and deliver an apologetical extempore. It was, however, accepted, and the scene closed.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Monday, *Cymbeline*, which had been produced for Miss M. Tree's benefit, was repeated at this house in a delightful manner. The Iachimo of Young, the Leonatus of Macready, and the Polydore of Abbott, are perfect performances; while Duruset's Arviragus, Farley's Cloten, and Miss M. Tree's Imogen, were played up to them in an excellent style. The finest scene that could be imagined was that in which Iachimo returns to Leonatus with the proofs of his wife's infidelity: the stage never witnessed a display of superior skill, threading all the mazes of human passion, and delineating every nicety of shade with the most accurate and beautiful truth. It seemed nature, not art. Of Abbott's Polydore we should not in justice be content with a mere general praise: its feeling, taste, and elevation above what it is seen to be in common hands, afforded high proofs of this actor's merits. His killing of Cloten was admirable; and, throughout, he constantly exhibited those powers, by which he has long made the second cast of characters so effective at Covent Garden, and by which we are confident he will worthily adorn the first at Cheltenham, where, we observe from the Newspapers, he has undertaken, with Farren, the proprietary and management of the Theatre. The lovers of the drama in that fashionable resort, are fortunate in the circumstance. Miss Tree laboured under indisposition, but exerted herself agreeably.

Since Monday, every night has been a benefit, and of course exempted from criticism, for two reasons. First, because the critics are not fond of spending their money in addition to their time on such occasions; and, secondly, because a sort of license is allowed to the Performers, which in most cases destroys the sobriety of the drama and leads to extravagance (they call it spirit) in the acting, which, though well meant by the parties, and well relished by their friends, would ill withstand the sour

and crabbed principles of critical weight and measure, propriety, consistency, nature and the like.

THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE opens on Monday with a strong company, among whom are several provincial Performers of note.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—This house proceeds with fair promise, especially as the close of the other Theatres will at once let loose some of their leading actors and their habitual audiences. Dibdin, the stage-manager, has been hitherto also the dramatist—the *Magnus Apollo* of the house. His *Bill of Fare* has been relished by the general appetite, and is still the source of much good humour among the visitors. His *Love Letters*, a little French farce, makes what is a kind of miracle in these cases, a very pleasant English one. The language is tolerably pointed, and the characters, excepting a few hits expressly inserted for the galleries, are neatly naturalized. The house is not fully attended.

VARIETIES.

A Scottish newspaper states that a Dr. John Nicol, of Forres, and a Mr. Black, had travelled across the Cordilleras (by Mendoza) to St. Iago de Chili. A lady who joined their party perished through cold and fatigue; and the natives, about nine in number, lost their sight in the intense reflection of the sun's rays by the snow. Our countrymen were preserved by having green veils, and performed the parts of good Samaritans in leading their unfortunate companions to a place of safety, through many dangers and the severest privations.

The King of France has given 150,000 francs for the Zodiac of Denderah. The civil list is charged with one half of the price.

A Tragedy founded on the Maccabees has been produced with success on the Parisian stage. The death of Ali Pasha of Janina has already furnished materials for a drama with these expert play-wrights.

Not long ago a handbill was stuck about Paris, headed "*Mayor Lost*"—it related to a provincial Magistrate, who was somehow or other missing.

Intelligible Directions. A gentleman gave a grand fête at Brompton on Thursday, and the Morning Papers, for the sake of preventing confusion among the fashionable multitude, gave the following *clear instructions* to their Coachmen:—"The Ladies who attend Mr. Greenwood's fête are particularly requested to order their coachmen to draw up down the Brompton Road, at the Bell and Horns, and digress right and left, into the Fulham Road"!!!

A heavy Loss.—P——, a picture-dealer, met S—— in the street one day, and the following conversation ensued:—S. You look deplorably sad, what is the matter with you?—P. Oh, I am the unluckiest dog alive; I am almost ruined; I have lost fifty pounds this morning.—S. How, how man, I never knew you had so much to lose?—P. Oh, it is always my luck, always unfortunate—a heavy loss,

a dead loss.—S. (sympathetically) But how happened it?—P. Why, last week I bought a volume of plates at a sale for forty shillings; and as they were in the way of Lord G—'s collection, I offered them to him. He appointed to call this morning—I went—his Lordship was engaged, and I sat down in the anti-room. I had resolv'd to put a good five pounds profit on, and began looking over the prints, that I might see where to insist on their value. It struck me that they looked better than before, and I determined to ask ten pounds for them! Well, Sir, I waited and waited till almost tired; and I said to myself, By G—, I won't waste my time so long for nothing, for any Lord in Christendom,—I'll ask fifteen pounds!! Another half hour passed, and I got so mad, that I swore to myself I'd ask thirty, and I had made up my mind to this when I was called in. His Lordship was in a desperate good humour, and behaved so kindly, that when he inquired the price, I plumped it at once *fifty pounds!!!*—S. And so by your greed you lost your purchaser?—P. No, d—n it; he gave me a cheque for the money in a moment without haggling—I might just as easily have got a hundred—but I am always unlucky!!—*A true Tale.*

Armenian Reptile.—The *morm* resembles the scorpion in shape, but has a soft hairy skin like a mouse, either reddish or black, or of some other colour. The *morm* springs from the ground right at a person's face. Its venom is mortal.—*Memoirs of Artemi.*

Mandrake.—In the vicinity of Ushakan are found two remarkable roots. With one, called *toron*, is made a red colour, which is used in Russia, and the Russian name of which is *morena*; the other, *loshtak* or *nam-rakor* (mandrake), bears an exact resemblance to the human figure, and is used by us medicinally. It grows pretty large. A dog is usually employed to draw it out of the ground; for which purpose the earth is first dug from about it, and a dog being fastened to it by a string, is made to pull till the whole of the root is extracted. The reason of this is, according to the current report, that if a man were to pull up this root he would infallibly die, either on the spot or in a very short time; and it is also said, that when it is drawn out, the moan of a human voice is always heard.—*Ibid.*

Eastern Policy.—Many complaints had been preferred by young Armenians and Persians to the Chan of Erivan, that fathers would not give them their daughters in marriage unless for a considerable sum, which they could not pay down immediately, according to the custom of that country. The demands of the fathers were so exorbitant, that it was not in the power of the lovers and their relatives to comply with them. This cupidity, which was both prejudicial to the welfare of society, and tyrannical in regard to the young people, of course required a check: the Chan, therefore, adopted an expedient which did him honour, and gained him the thanks of both sexes. He caused it to be proclaimed in all the places in his government, that each of them should send him the finest of its un-

married females for his seraglio, with severe penalties in case of disobedience or concealment. This command, together with the report purposely circulated, that spies had been sent out with it, which, however, was not the fact, so alarmed all the fathers that they immediately began to look out for husbands for their daughters, to save them from being sacrificed to the lusts of the Chan. In our town of Wagarschapat two hundred couple were married in the space of twenty-four hours, without any other witnesses than the priests; and such too was the case in other places.—*Ibid.*

Character of the Karpians (Arabs).—They are such consummate thieves and rogues, that, according to an ancient tradition still current among them, they once tricked the devil himself. The story is as follows:—The devil had acquired a right to their fields, on which they agreed with him, that when their crops were ripe, they should retain the upper part and the devil should have the lower: they sowed all their lands with wheat, and the devil of course had nothing but the straw for his share. Next year the old gentleman, fully determined not to be again so bamboozled, stipulated that the upper part should belong to him and the lower to the Karpians: but then they sowed all their grounds with beet, turnips, and other esculent roots, and so the devil got nothing but the green tops for his portion.—*Ibid.*

The Prussian University of Bonn possesses, through the care of that department of the administration which presides over public instruction, a complete fount of type in the Devanagari character. With the exception of the mishapen types of the Propaganda, which merely sufficed for short specimens, these are the first that have been employed in printing on the continent of Europe. They were cast from the designs and under the superintendence of that eminent oriental scholar, Professor A. W. Von Schlegel, who, in the execution of his arduous task, neither adopted as his model the characters used by the Missionaries at Serampore, nor those of the printing-office at Calcutta, nor Wilkins's; but who has in preference followed manuscripts and studied to avoid sacrificing more of the original character than seemed incompatible with European typography. The matrices were cut by Vibert of Paris, who has been for many years engaged for the office of Didot, sen. and the letter was cast there with great care by Lion. Mr. Schlegel has pursued the method adopted by Wilkins to get rid of the lateral and vertical groups of letters; but what he considers as a new invention is an arrangement by which the vowel and other signs above and below the line are so inserted that each line consists of only one connected series, instead of forming three, as by the old method. Specimens of these new types have been introduced into the periodical work entitled *Indische Bibliothek* (Indian Library or Collections) published by Mr. Schlegel, who has announced his intention of speedily visiting England in pursuance of his researches into the literature of India.

WINE AND WALNUTS, or *After Dinner Chit-Chat.* By a Cockney Greyhound.—A new Series of these popular papers will be commenced in our next Number, and continued weekly to the end of the year; when the whole, with many other papers and copious notes, will be published on the 1st of January, in three volumes.

We are obliged to defer Review of the interesting *Travels of a Sergeant of Marines*,—and other articles.

Notices to Correspondents in our next; and an endeavour to make up for the Advertisements we have been induced to postpone in this Number.

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